

HOME AND SCHOOL SERIES
FOR YOUNG FOLKS



Cat-Tails and
Other Tales

HOWLISTON

A. FLANAGAN Co.
CHICAGO

Cornell University

Library

OF THE

New York State College of Agriculture

Ag. 2355

28/6/10

Cornell University Library

PZ 7.H86

Cat-tails, and other tales,



3 1924 014 479 343

mann



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

CAT-TAILS

AND

OTHER TALES

BY

MARY H. HOWLISTON

Author of "Child's Song Book."



A. FLANAGAN COMPANY,

CHICAGO.

NEW YORK.

7.

COPYRIGHTED 1895
BY
MARY H. HOWLISTON

COPYRIGHTED 1899
BY
A. FLANAGAN

PREFACE.

Whoever has to do with little children knows the delight they take in stories; he knows, too, that a marked characteristic of childhood is a lively imagination, a faculty which should be as carefully cultivated as the memory.

It is hoped that these stories will be found useful for training the imagination, for leading the child to more intelligent observation of the phenomena about him, and for creating an interest in Natural Science.

They have been used in connection with science lessons given little children, many of them containing ideas and opinions expressed by the children themselves during their observations and experiments.

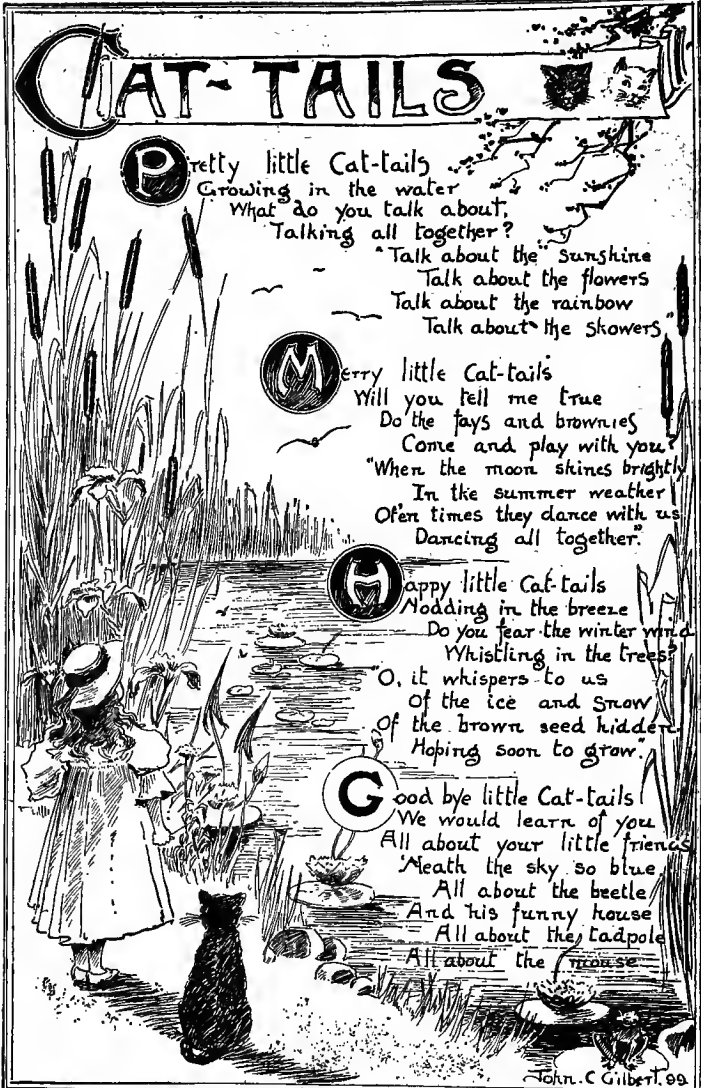
Thanks are due the following for stories and advice: Sara E. Wiltse, and Ginn & Co., author and publishers of *Stories for Kindergartens*; Andrea Hofer, editor of *Child-Garden*; G. Anna Raymond; W. W. Speer, author of "*Lessons in Form*;" and Professor W. S. Jackman, teacher of science, Chicago Normal School.

MARY H. HOWLISTON.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Brownie and Cat Tail.....	7
Dorothy's Experiment	157
Echo Elves	32
Fish or Frogs.....	21
Fairy Mercury (The)	36
February 12th	169
February 22d	177
Giant Sloth and the Tiddlywinks.....	79
Grandma Kaoline	110
Grandma Kaoline's Story	112
Green Worm (The)	146
How Dame Nature Got Her Frost.....	70
Little Brown Seed	40
Life of a Butterfly.....	49
Little Goldenrod	104
Lilac Buds	117
Little Maple Leaves	134
Living Plow (A)	141
Magnet's Choice (The)	15
Mr. and Mrs. Robin.....	59
More About Green Worm.....	151
May 30th	183
Old Sol's Rainbow	126
Pussy Willow's Hood	66
Pine Tree Who Had Her Wish (The).....	131
Seedling's on the Wing.....	94
Story of Tad and Polly (The).....	154
Towel's Party (The)	164
Vapor Family	85
What Broke the China Pitcher.....	27
Walnut Tree that Wanted to Bear Tulips.....	74
What the Fire Sprites Did.....	99
Wee Wee Man (The).....	161

CAT-TAILS



Pretty little Cat-tails
Growing in the water
What do you talk about,
Talking all together?
"Talk about the Sunshine
Talk about the flowers
Talk about the rainbow
Talk about the showers"

Merry little Cat-tails
Will you tell me true
Do the fays and brownies
Come and play with you?
"When the moon shines brightly
In the summer weather
O'er times they dance with us
Dancing all together."

Happy little Cat-tails
Nodding in the breeze
Do you fear the winter wind
Whistling in the trees?
O, it whispers to us
Of the ice and snow
Of the brown seed hidden
Hoping soon to grow."

Good bye little Cat-tails!
We would learn of you
All about your little friends
'Meath the sky so blue
All about the beetle
And his funny house
All about the tadpole
All about the mouse

BROWNIE AND CAT-TAIL.

The Cat-tails that you are to hear about lived beside a certain marsh, in a certain out-of-the-way part of the world.

It was a very pleasant spot. The days were almost always bright and sunny and the air was almost always filled with cheery summer sounds, hum of bees, chirp of crickets and croak of frogs.

The Cat-tails had once been told by a little bird—it's always a little bird that tells things, you know—that there were places where Dame Nature's children were not contented, that there were daisies who wanted to be buttercups, worms that wanted to be butterflies, and so on. They could scarcely believe it. Never once in their sunshiny lives had such a thought entered their brown heads.

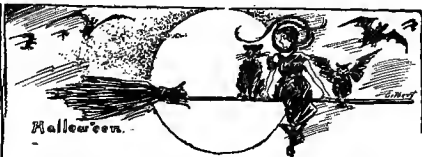
They felt that it was a good thing to be Cat-tails; that it was good to live on the edge of the marsh, with a little brook rippling past, and that there could not be a lovelier blue sky or fleecier clouds than were over their own heads. So filled were they with content that they grew very straight and tall, and their brown blossoms were like richest velvet.

They had a way of telling the peace and good-will that filled them by waving their long green blades with a rustling sound with every passing breeze. One day when the sky was overcast and it did seem a little gloomy even where the Cat-tails lived, the Willow called to them, "You surely have nothing to be glad about to-day. There isn't a ray of sunshine."

"But the sun is shining somewhere," answered the Cat-tails, "and we're glad about that."

Perhaps it was because they were so contented that the Brownie who lived under the coal in the cellar during the winter came out to the marsh to spend the summer with them. At any rate, out he came, and had the happiest summer of his whole life. He was very fond of the Cat-tails. Their brown heads were an exact match for his brown suit, and there never was a better swing, he thought, than the one he had in the top of the oldest Cat-tail, who was also the tallest, where he just sat still and let the wind do the pushing. By and by came Hallowe'en, which is a night, you know, when all sorts of strange things happen, when Brownies travel the world over as fast as the wind, when Mother Goose and her children ride about on moon-beams, when witches make tea on your window-sill, and the spider crawls out of his nest and weaves a dainty web over the grass for the

dew-drop fairies to dance upon. The Cat-tails at this time were still velvety brown without, but daintiest white within. They were so full that every now and



then the brown coats opened and away sailed a tiny white fairy.

Now, the same little bird that whispered to the Cat-tails whispered a secret to Brownie. The bird said that the little white fairies that sailed away from the Cat-tails seemed to carry with them something of their content, and whatever they touched felt the same. This gave Brownie an idea. Some-

how he didn't feel like playing the old Hallowe'en tricks. After the

little bird had gone he said to himself, "The tallest Cat-tail shall go with me and we'll drop those fairy seeds of his where I know they're

needed and have all the fun that's going on, too." The tallest Cat-tail liked the plan, and away they went. Brownie led the way to a beautiful room—however he got in I'm sure I don't know—where Dinah, the Angora cat, lay curled up on a cushion. "Come, Dinah," said Brownie. "It's Hallowe'en; don't you know it's a night for fun?" "I can't have any fun," said Dinah, "because I haven't a blue satin ribbon for my neck. Go away and let me alone." "No, no, Dinah," said Brownie. "Hold up your paw and hold fast all I give you. See!" And he waved Cat-tail over her head. And the people of that house have never heard Dinah ask for a blue satin ribbon since.

"Now we'll visit Red-top," said Brownie. "He's out-of-sorts because he's lost his brightest yellow and green feather."

"Wake up, Red-top," said Brownie to the old rooster asleep on his perch. "Wake up. It's Hallowe'en and a night for fun." "Don't talk to me of fun," said Red-top. "I can't forget my beautiful green and gold feather." "Well, then," said Brownie, "I say you shall forget it, and here goes!" And, before Red-top could turn around, down came the feathery things from Cat-tail's breast and, as Brownie and Cat-tail left the place, they heard Red-

top crowing so loudly that the hens were beginning to cackle, and the Hallowe'en fun began in the hen-house.

"Now, there's Piggins. We'll go to him next. He's a great friend of mine, and will you believe it, Cat-tail, he's unhappy because his little tail won't curl."

Piggins was curled up in a corner of his pen and only gave a grunt when Brownie knocked. "Come, Piggins, let me in," called Brownie. "It's Hallowe'en and a night for fun. Come out and we'll catch a goblin and shut him up in the farmer's sugar-bowl."

"I can't think of fun while my tail acts so," said Piggins, but he put his nose out of the door just long enough to catch a shower from Cat-tail and hear the laughter of the two friends as they ran off. Piggins instantly forgot all about his tail and scampered after them as fast as his little legs could carry him.

Now, at this very time, Will-o'-the-Wisp stole out of his home in the gloomy swamp and came dancing along the very road down which Brownie and Cat-tail were running, with Piggins close at their heels. Will-o'-the-Wisp never left his gloomy swamp at any other time than Hallowe'en and was never seen when the moon was shining, but on this night he was always about having fun with the rest. He thought it

fun to dance before any creature he could find and lure it away to his dark and gloomy swamp. As soon as he saw Brownie, Cat-tail and Piggins he slyly laughed and said, "Ho! a Brownie! Wouldn't I like to catch him!" and he made himself as bright as he could, which wasn't very bright, because really there was neither fire nor flame about him.

Brownie opened his round eyes very wide, for in all his travels he had never seen Will-o'-the-Wisp.

"Look, Cat-tail," he said. "See that pretty thing dancing ahead of us. Maybe it's a weegie man. Let's follow it." Brownie didn't know what a weegie man was, but remembered a song about one his grandfather used to sing. So Brownie, Cat-tail and Piggins ran on after Will-o'-the-Wisp, who clapped his hands with glee and flitted on. He was very hard to follow, because at one minute he was at the side of the road and the instant Brownie, Cat-tail and Piggins reached him he darted off and they saw him on a fence post behind them; but they hurried on, and after a great deal of jumping, running and falling, Will-o'-the-Wisp had them just where he wanted them, at the edge of the swamp. Just as they were about to plunge in after him, Brownie thought of the door-knob, who was unhappy because people thought more of the door-key than they did of him, and he

cried to Will-o'-the-Wisp, "Oh, please! we must go back, but we'll come to play with you after a while." Will-o'-the-Wisp frowned, but he didn't give up the plan of catching Brownie and his friends. He danced about again until he saw them all coming down the road, and this time he almost caught them, when lo! Brownie thought of some one else who needed a bit from Cat-tail's breast, and again they hurried away.

And so it went on. Time and again Will-o'-the-Wisp had them at his very door and time and again Brownie, Cat-tail and Piggins were saved by the thought that came to Brownie of someone to help.

At last Will-o'-the-Wisp grew angry and said to himself, "There's no use trying to catch any of them, I see, and there's a beam of light. The sun is coming and I must run home," and he ran, growling and grumbling, back to his gloomy swamp. Piggins saw the beam of light first and cried, "It's time for my breakfast. Good-by," and off he scampered to his pen. You will be glad to know that after that night he never cared whether his tail curled or not.

Brownie and Cat-tail looked at each other in surprise. Brownie was covered from head to foot with the soft down from Cat-tail's coat and Cat-tail, with only a little of her brown coat left, stood straight and

happy as ever, her slender green blades waving gently in the morning breeze.

“Why, it’s morning,” said Brownie, “and we have been so busy we haven’t had time for a bit of play.” They went home, however, feeling that they had had a very happy time after all.

THE MAGNET'S CHOICE.

Mrs. Goldpin lived with her cousin, Miss Silverpin, in a blue satin cushion that was trimmed with dainty white lace and had a gay little bow at each corner.

Mrs. Goldpin and Miss Silverpin were so vain as to think the blue satin cushion was made on purpose for them, so when the Brasspins came to live there, they didn't like it at all.

"Really," complained Mrs. Goldpin, "I should think they'd know better than to come here. Why, they're nothing but common brass!"

"It is too bad," said Miss Silverpin; "but then you know, cousin, we need have nothing to do with them."

A few nights after that, Mrs. Goldpin met the Brasspins at a party; and the next morning she said to Miss Silverpin:

"I think, my dear, we may as well make friends with the Brasspins; I met them last night at Mrs. Bonton's, so they must be nice people after all."

Miss Silverpin agreed with Mrs. Goldpin, and that

very hour they spoke to the Brasspins, and soon they were all good friends.

One day the mistress came into the room, and put some shining cambric needles and a small darning needle in the cushion.

Upon this, Mrs. Goldpin screamed as if she were in pain; then Miss Silverpin screamed as if she were in pain; and the Brasspins screamed as if they were in pain.

“Dreadful!” said Mrs. Goldpin. “Needles coming to live with us! Why, I’ve been told they work for a living.”

“And I suppose they never went to a party in their lives!” said Miss Silverpin.

“Nor to the Auditorium to a concert!” said the Brasspins.

“I shall not speak to them at all,” said Mrs. Goldpin.

“Nor I,” said Miss Silverpin.

“No more will we, neither,” said the Brasspins, who did not always speak correctly.

The cambric needles and the darning-needle had not heard them, and they were very much pleased to find themselves in such a pretty place.

“That is a kind lady,” said one, “to give us such a fine cushion to rest in.”

"I'm sure she ought to," said the darning-needle; "those children of hers wear me out with the heels and toes of their stockings; and how that Tommy manages to get such big holes right where his knees come, is more than I can tell."

As soon as the needles looked around, they saw Mrs. Goldpin, Miss Silverpin, and the Brasspins, and being very polite, they said "Good morning!"

No one answered. Mrs. Goldpin looked out of the window as if she hadn't heard; Miss Silverpin looked up at the ceiling as if she hadn't heard; and the Brasspins looked down at the floor as if they hadn't heard.

"Strange!" said the needles, "they don't mean to speak to us."

They had been so busy all their lives, making clothes for little girls and boys, they had never found out that some people who do not work look down upon others who do.

But they did not speak to their fine neighbors again. Indeed, they never thought of them at all, they had such pleasant times by themselves, on their own side of the cushion.

One afternoon the mistress came again, and this time left a bright new horseshoe magnet beside the cushion.

"What splendid creature is that?" said Mrs. Goldpin. "Why, he's looking right at me!"

"Isn't he fine?" said Miss Silverpin; "but he seems to be looking right at me."

"How grand!" said the Brasspins. "Surely he came to see us."

The horseshoe magnet lay there all the afternoon and evening, looking very smart and knowing, but not saying a word; although Mrs. Goldpin, Miss Silverpin, and the Brasspins tried very hard to get him to notice them.

By and by the lights were put out, and the house was still.

Mrs. Goldpin was just getting into a doze when she heard a strange sound beside her on the dresser.

"What's that, cousin?" she whispered to Miss Silverpin. "Do you hear it?"

Miss Silverpin listened, and again came the sound—clump, clump, clump, along the top of the dresser.

"Mercy on us!" said Miss Silverpin; "it's that magnet. He's coming right up here."

Before Mrs. Goldpin could answer, the magnet stood before them. He made a low bow, and said:

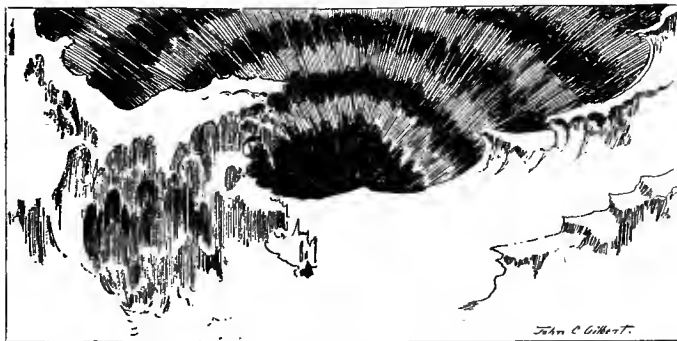
"Excuse me for disturbing you, ladies. I'm going on a trip to the northern lights, and am looking about for some one to take with me."

Then Mrs. Goldpin, Miss Silverpin, and the Brass pins were in a great flutter.

"He'll take me, of course," whispered Mrs. Gold pin.

"Yes, and me too," said Miss Silverpin.

"Surely he'll want us," thought the Brasspins.



"Thank you, sir," spoke Mrs. Goldpin, politely. "Miss Silverpin and I will be very glad to go with you."

"You're very kind, indeed!" said the Brasspins; "we can go in a moment."

"But," said the magnet, "you're not the ones I want; I'll see who's on the other side of the cushion;" and away he clumped.

Mrs. Goldpin was so astonished that she couldn't speak; so were Miss Silverpin and the Brasspins.

They heard the magnet go up to the needles; then

came a joyful little cry: "Oh, here is our old friend. How glad we are to see you, Magnet!" and the needles, one and all, fairly jumped from the cushion and clung to him.

The magnet was just as glad to see them, and started off at once, taking them with him.

"Well, I never!" gasped Mrs. Goldpin, as she watched them leave the room.

"To think of those common needles being chosen!"

"That magnet doesn't know what he's about!" snapped the Brasspins.

But he did, though; and when he left the mistress's house that night he had picked up the jolliest kind of a party. There were a shingle-nail, a button-hook, some carpet tacks, a hairpin, a key, and even a pair of scissors, beside the needles.

I think the northern lights heard they were coming, for they made a great display in the sky that evening; and if the horseshoe magnet and his friends ever come back, I hope they'll tell us how it was done.

FISH OR FROGS.

There was once a family of frogs living in a pond in the warm country, which was so ill-natured in all its talk, that the voice of each member of the family had grown harsh and disagreeable; these frogs could not even sing sweetly, they had so spoiled their voices with fretting and scolding.

At last the people living near this pond named the family "Blacksmith Frogs," their voices clanged and clashed so like the anvils and hammers of blacksmiths.

In another pond, not far away, lived another family of frogs, which never scolded; the mother always spoke gently to her children, and the children spoke softly to one another; when they sang, not one of them strained its voice or wrinkled its face with screaming; and the people so enjoyed their soft musical piping, that they called them "Sugar-miller Frogs," because their voices were not unlike the sound made by the mills in grinding the sweet, juicy corn and beets to get the sugar from them.

One day Mrs. Blacksmith Frog went to see Mrs.



Sugar-miller Frog, and as soon as she was inside the door, she began in a loud, harsh voice: "I'm sure I don't believe we shall have any weather fit for hatching eggs this year! I never saw the little boys behave so badly in my life! When the sun comes out it scorches, and when the clouds come along, the water grows too cold for grown frogs, to say nothing of babies!"

Mrs. Sugar-miller Frog had had no chance to speak yet, but Mrs. Blacksmith Frog stopped for breath, while she twitched angrily at her bonnet strings, and Mrs. Sugar-miller Frog hurriedly, but most gently, began:

"I really thought the weather quite pleasant. I

am sure my eggs are doing nicely,—just see them! here they are under this broad lily leaf,—and some kind-hearted boys threw me this shingle, on which I can float about when the sun shines, or under which I can sit when it rains; when the sun is too warm, Mr. Frog pushes it under those willow branches for me.”

Mrs. Blacksmith Frog had been angry with the boys who threw a shingle in her pond, and she went home to scold Mr. Blacksmith Frog because he did not push her about the pond on a shingle, and Mr. Blacksmith Frog scolded her because she did not get home in time to get his dinner; and with all the scolding they nearly forgot to attend to the eggs.

Both frog mothers stayed at home some time after this, to attend to their eggs; but one morning Mrs. Sugar-miller Frog ran over to Mrs. Blacksmith Frog, to tell a wonderful story of how her eggs had all hatched, and instead of bottle-green baby frogs, she had a large family of young fish!

“Fish! horrid fish!” exclaimed Mrs. Blacksmith Frog. “I’d be ashamed to say it, and I don’t believe you know fish from frogs!”

Mr. and Mrs. Blacksmith Frog hurried over to their neighbor’s pond, and looked at the babies with much disapproval, for they surely looked less like frogs than like fish.

Mrs. Sugar-miller Frog was very cheerful, saying she was fond of her babies anyway, and she felt sure it would be pleasant to have fish in the family; they had many advantages over frogs, and look at them as you might, they were the dearest, prettiest babies in the world!

Mr. and Mrs. Blacksmith Frog went scolding homeward, much disgusted with frogs who were not contented in their own sphere, but wanted to look like fish, and get into society in which they did not belong.

What was their surprise, on arriving at their own pond, to find that their eggs had hatched, and their babies looked as much like fish as did their neighbor's?

Mrs. Blacksmith Frog shook her babies, and scolded, until Mr. Blacksmith Frog buried himself in the mud for three days, where he kept up such a grumbling and growling that the people thought they would have to move away.

One day Mrs. Blacksmith Frog was so frightened at something that happened to her babies that she forgot to open her mouth until she was inside her neighbor's door, and then she talked and cried both at once:

"Mrs. Sugar-miller Frog! My babies are neither fish—nor—frogs! they are horrid boys! I know they are, for they have—two legs!"

“I would not cry,” answered Mrs. Sugar-miller Frog. “I find my children seem to be boys, too, but I am not grieved. I like the little boys I have seen about here. We ought to be pleased if our children are to be men.”

Mrs. Blacksmith Frog went home, and made her husband and children quite unhappy with her fault-finding, until one day she found two more legs pushing out from the body of her oldest child; then she called him a naughty child for not telling her in the first place that he was going to have four legs, instead of letting her think he was going to be a biped.

She now insisted that the children should all sit with her on the shingle in the sun, to hasten the sprouting of the new legs; but they could not obey her, for any child knows that sitting in the sunshine would quite kill a soft little tadpole.

One day the youngest baby seemed hoarse, and when Mrs. Blacksmith Frog opened its little mouth to look in its throat, the mouth fell off in her hand. She tried to put it back, but the other children saw at once that the baby looked more like his papa without his little beak-like mouth, and they took their own mouths off, and stood there with funny, wide-open jaws, looking so much like their own scolding parents,

that their mother could not send them to bed without their supper, as she had threatened.

One morning these little tadpoles came in a row for their breakfast, eager to tell their mamma that they had left their tails behind them. They were as pleased as a small boy with his first trousers; but their mamma had formed such a habit of fault-finding, that now they stood before her, perfect little frogs, she had no pleasant words for them, but began a complaint about their carelessness in dropping the tails about in the bottom of the pond, and expressed many doleful fears lest the pond should be filled with a load of useless tails.

With this new trouble she went to Mrs. Sugar-miller Frog, who said :

“I am so happy! I was pleased with the aspect of my fish children; I was not sorry when I thought them boys; but now that they are becoming frogs, so like ourselves, I am so happy I sing all night for joy.”

But Mrs. Blacksmith Frog made such loud and bitter complaints, that the people who lived near her pond heartily wished she would move to South America; but she never did.

WHAT BROKE THE CHINA PITCHER.

It was a winter night,—still, bright and cold. The wagon wheels and footsteps creaked loudly as they ground into the crisp snow, and even the great solemn moon looked frosty and cold.

Katrina stood by the sitting-room window, looking out.

“Going to be a dreadful night,” said papa, stirring the fire; “it’s getting colder every minute.”

“Is it?” said mamma. “Then, Katrina, you must run upstairs and empty the china pitcher in the spare room.”

“Yes, ma’am,” said Katrina, still looking out into the moonlight; but she didn’t go and mamma went on rocking baby to sleep.

Fifteen minutes passed. Baby was going to “By-low Land” very fast, and mamma spoke again:

“Come, Katrina, go and see to the pitcher,—that’s a good girl. It was grandma’s Christmas present, you know, and I wouldn’t have it broken for anything.”

“Yes, ma’am,” said Katrina again; “I’ll go in a minute.”

"Well, dear, be sure to remember," said mamma; and she went off to put baby into her crib. At that moment in came Jamie with a pair of shining new skates, and Katrina forgot all about the pitcher as soon as she saw them. Just outside the window stood the cold, listening and watching; and now he chuckled, and snapped his icy fingers.

"That little girl will never empty the pitcher," he said to himself; "she's one of the careless kind. Oh, I know them! So now, little miss, I'll just slip in and punish you for forgetting. Let's see! 'the spare room'—that's for company. I'll go and spend the night in it. Where is it, I wonder. I'll hunt it up." He knew better than to try and get into the cozy sitting room, with its bright fire; so he slipped softly around the house and peeped through the kitchen window.

Inside was a large stove glowing with heat, and a teakettle sending out a cloud of steam.

He shook his head, and muttered: "That's no place for me; the heat in there would kill me in a minute; I'll look farther."

He went on, peeping into one window after another, until he saw a room with no fire and a closed register. "Ah," he whispered, "this must be the place. Yes, there's the very pitcher I'm going to break; and

as sure as I'm alive, if here isn't a fine crack to let me in!" So in he went.

"It's a pretty room," he said, "and it seems a pity to spoil such a handsome pitcher; but Katrina shouldn't have left the water in it."

He stole noiselessly along, chilling everything he touched, until he reached the washstand. Up the stand he went, nearer and nearer to the pitcher, until he could look into it. "Not much water," he whispered, "but I'll make it do;" and he spread his icy fingers over it.

The water shivered and shrank back, but the icy fingers pressed harder. "Oh!" cried the water, "I'm so cold!" and it shrank more and more.

Very soon it called out, "If you don't go away, Cold, I shall certainly freeze."

"Good!" laughed the cold. "That's just what I want you to do."

All at once the air was filled with many little voices that seemed to come from the pitcher, sharp and clear, like tinkling sleigh bells in Fairyland.

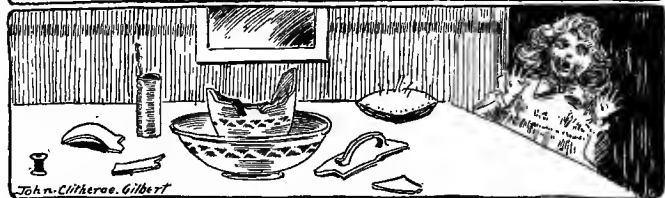
"Hurrah!" they cried. "The cold is going to make us into beautiful crystals. Oh, won't it be jolly, jolly, jolly!"

At that the cold pushed his fingers straight into the water, and it began to freeze. Then such a won-

derful thing happened! The drops began arranging themselves in rows and lines, that everywhere crossed each other; but in doing so they pushed so hard against the pitcher that it cried out:



~~~~~ - Katrina's Dream - ~~~~~



“Please stop pushing me so hard; I’m afraid I shall break.”

“We can’t,” said the drops. “We’re freezing, and must have more room;” and they kept on spreading and arranging themselves.”

The poor pitcher groaned, and called again, “Don’t! don’t! I can’t stand it;” but it did no good. The

drops only repeated, "We can't help it, we must have room;" and they pushed so steadily and strongly that at last, with a loud cry, the poor pitcher cracked.

The cold looked around to see if there was any more mischief he could do. When he found there was none, he stole softly away through the crack in the window.

Just outside was Jack Frost, hunting for a good place to hang his pictures. The cold told him about the pitcher, and away they went, laughing as if it were a good joke.

Upstairs in her snug little bed lay Katrina, dreaming that grandma's pitcher was dancing on top of mamma's piano, in brother Jamie's new skates.

## ECHO ELVES.

A long time ago there was a river, which flowed between high, rocky walls on its way to the sea. These rocky walls were filled with Echo Elves. They clung to every crag and point of rock along the river.

The Echo Elves were always listening and watching for sounds; when they caught one, they played ball with it until the poor little sound was worn out. Twice each week a steamboat came down the river, and the Echo Elves caught the sound of its whistle as soon as the steamboat neared the rocky walls where they lived.

The first Elf sent it bounding across the river to the second; he threw it back. A third caught and sent it to the fourth, and so on. Back and forth it went, until, if you had been on the steamboat, and had never heard of the Echo Elves, you might have thought there were a dozen whistles, all going off at once.

The Echo Elves never tired of their play. Winter or summer, day and night, it was always the same. The sound of the hunter's gun, the shout of a boy, the cry of a bird—they caught them all.



The river very soon learned how the Echo Elves spent their time. It heard so many sounds as it rolled slowly along, and listened so carefully, it found out that a sound was not quite so clear and loud after the Echo Elves had caught it, as before, and that the more they tossed it about, the fainter it became.

You must not think the Echo Elves by the river are the only ones that ever lived. Bless you, no! the whole world is full of them. They cling to the sides of houses and walls, are on the streets and walks, and are found even in the clouds, helping to make thunder. Sometimes they hide about small lakes in the

country, where they lie in wait for the songs and laughter of people who are out boating, and sometimes they creep into large, empty buildings, where they have fine sport with the sounds of the workmen.

Now I must tell you of a party of Echo Elves who lived in a country where the people were building a castle for their king.

This castle was to have a fine music room for the king's daughter, who was very fond of music. The Echo Elves heard of it, and as they, too, were very fond of music, they agreed to find this room and live there.

"We'll have a concert every day," said they, "if the princess will only practice enough."

Away they flew to the castle, where they were soon hanging all over the walls of the music room.

The next day in came the servants who were to prepare the room for the princess, and the very first thing they did was to cover the walls with lovely curtains.

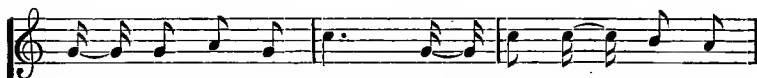
Poor little Echo Elves! Their fun was spoiled; for although they could hear the sound of the piano or harp, when the princess played they could not catch a single tone.

As I have never heard of their leaving the castle, I suppose they are there to this day, hidden behind the curtains in the princess' music room.

# The Little Black Crickets.



1. The lit - tle black crick-ets are sing - ing a song, With  
 2. The lit - tle black crick-ets are sing - ing a gain,  
 3. The lit - tie black crick-ets are hap py and gay, Thro'



voic - es low and clear, They say: "You must al - ways  
 Listen! their song to hear, "Lit-tle chil dren, love each  
 clouds and sun-shine bright, "Good morning!" they chirp at



do your best, Do your best, lit - tle chil - dren dear."  
 other," they say, With voic es low and clear.  
 peep of day, And at eve, "Good - night, good night!"



## THE FAIRY MERCURY.

Fairy Mercury wore a dress of silvery white. Because she looked so much like silver, and could move about so quickly, a great many people called her Quicksilver; but that was not her real name. That was the fairy Mercury.

She lived in the queerest kind of a house. There were only a glass ball about as large as a pea, for the basement, and a slender glass tube above it for the second and third floors.

This odd little house was fastened in a frame, and hung outside the front door of a cottage.

The people who lived in the cottage seemed very fond of the fairy Mercury; at least they came and looked at her every day. She imagined it was because they thought her so pretty, but you and I know better, do we not?

The fairy Mercury was something like a worm in one thing; she could stretch herself until she reached away up the glass tube, and could also shorten her body until her head was not far from the little ball. I think she disliked cold weather, for when winter came she never climbed very high in her glass tube,



and when it was very cold, she drew nearer and nearer to the glass ball.

Then the people seemed to think more of her than ever, and the fairy Mercury was often greatly puzzled to know why they said such strange things when they looked at her.

Sometimes they called out: "Freezing!" "What do they mean by that?" said the fairy Mercury. "Do they think I'm freezing? Well, I'm not. It takes a great deal to freeze me, I can tell them."

Then again, when it was very, very cold, and everybody was hurrying to get indoors, almost every one who looked at her said: "Zero," or "Five below." Even people on the street ran up the cottage steps, took a peep at her, and went off saying the same thing: "Zero," "Three below," "Five below." It was very strange, the fairy Mercury thought; but as no one hurt her she didn't care how often they looked.

When spring came, with its warm breezes and blue skies, she grew livelier, and crept up to the second floor of her house, where she spent most of her time looking out.

She enjoyed watching the birds build their nests, the leaves come out on the trees, and the man planting seeds in the flower bed before the cottage door. As the weather grew warmer, she climbed higher and

higher, and the higher she went, the more people noticed her.

Then came the summer. It was very hot, and so dry that the grass, the lovely roses, and even the great elm trees were all crying for water. Gentlemen went past with large umbrellas over their heads; ladies sat on porches fanning, and all the children wore their very thinnest and coolest clothing to school.

The fairy Mercury kept on climbing, and was noticed more than ever. Indeed, there seemed always to be some one looking at her; and they said just as queer things as they did in winter. For a whole week she heard them say, "Ninety!" "Ninety-two!" or "Ninety-five!" and one very hot day they said, "One hundred two in the shade! how can we ever stand it?" and they groaned and wiped their faces, again and again.

"These are strange people," said the fairy Mercury; "they really act as if I had something to do with the weather; but I haven't. Yet, somehow, heat always makes me want to climb, and cold makes me shrink."

When autumn came, with its fruits and nuts, she dropped down to the first floor of her little house, where she had spent the springtime. Now she looked

out upon the leaves as they fell, and the gardener as he gathered his seeds. One day she heard the robins chirping "Good-bye."

"Ah," said the fairy Mercury, "summer has gone, sure enough." Then the days grew colder, and she



dropped lower and lower in the glass tube, until another winter came.

So you see, that as both heat and cold moved her, she went up and down in her little house a great many times each year. Did you ever see the fairy Mercury or her glass house? Did you ever watch her move? Do you know what we call the fairy and her house?

## THE LITTLE BROWN SEED.

Down in the middle of a large garden there lay a small brown seed. It had been there quite a long time, and yet it could remember when it swung from a flower stalk, in a dainty seed vessel with several other seeds.

It often thought of the sunny autumn day when a little lamb ran through the garden and brushed so roughly against the flower stalk that the seed vessel broke and let the seeds out.

Two dropped on the lamb's back, where they were caught and carried off in the wool. The others fell on the ground, but soon a bright-eyed robin spied them. She took two, and that left the one that I am telling you of, alone.

It lay there for a whole day and night; then the gardener came with his rake and hoe, to prepare the garden for winter, and the little brown seed found itself covered with an inch or two of black soil. Above that was a layer of straw, and over all, some boards; so the brown seed was safely sheltered from the wildest storm that winter could send.



It was warm and snug there, but very dark, and at first it felt afraid and lonesome; for you see it had always lived in the bright sunshine with its brothers and sisters.

But soon it found it was not alone. All about it were slender little rootlets, who, when they saw the brown seed, said, "How do you do, little Seed? We are glad to see you."

"Oh," answered the seed; "then you can talk; I am glad of that, for I am a little afraid here; it's so dark." The rootlets all laughed at that.

"The idea," they said, "of being afraid of good Mother Earth! Why, she is one of our best friends, and takes such good care of us, that we are never hungry nor cold.

And you thought you were alone! That's a good joke, too," went on the rootlets. "To be sure it's not as lively here as it is in summer, for now we're all resting or asleep."

"Why," said the brown seed, looking around, "what else is here? I don't see anything."

"No," answered the rootlets, "you don't see the crickets, wasps, ants, and other insects that are here, because they are all asleep in the wonderful little caves they make for themselves. Yes, and the earthworms, too."

"Ugh!" said the seed, with a shiver, "you don't mean to say that I must stay here with those horrid crawling worms! I couldn't bear to have one come near me."

"Oh, what a foolish little seed," laughed the rootlets again. "Horrid, indeed! I'm afraid we'd all have a hard time of it trying to grow, if the earthworms didn't help us. Don't you know that they crawl up and down, through the ground, and keep it so light and soft that it is easy for us to get through?"

"No," answered the seed; "I didn't know that. Now what do you do down here?"

"Oh, we belong to that fine lilac bush near the garden wall. Just now we're resting, for it's winter, you know; but when spring comes, we shall all go to

work. The lilac bush will be very busy changing its buds to leaves, flowers, and branches, and we shall have all we can do, gathering up the juices Mother Earth gives us, and sending them up to be made into sap for the buds and branches to feed on."

"And what shall I do when spring comes?" said the seed.

"You'll have to work, too," answered a little rootlet that had crept very close to it. "I expect spring will want you to make a flower."

"But I don't know how."

"Oh, that's nothing," said the rootlet. "She will send little messengers of hers to help you. Never fear; you'll know how when the time comes."

The brown seed felt better after this talk with the rootlets, and was quite contented to lie there in the dark, and wait for spring.

Sometimes it could hear, very faintly, the icy raindrops or hail beating upon the boards overhead, or the howling of the winter wind; but it lay curled up cozy and warm in Mother Earth's arms, and didn't mind at all.

Oh, they had pleasant times down there in the dark, I can tell you, and the brown seed learned a great many things it never knew before. The rootlets were great talkers, and told many funny stories about

the way in which they crawled around in summer, over and under large stones, sometimes running against each other, but always keeping their mouths open to catch food for the lilac buds and branches above ground.

Then there was a large bulb. One day it began to talk, and the seed heard it say, "I do hope there are no wood mice about."

"Why do you say that?" asked the seed.

"Because," said the bulb, "if one of them gets very hungry, I'm afraid he'll leave his warm nest and nibble me."

"You needn't be afraid," called out a rootlet; "there are none in this part of the garden. I saw a mole creep past last fall, but he'll not trouble us as long as he can find earthworms. Poor things! they are dreadfully afraid of moles."

And the worms themselves! The brown seed was never tired of hearing how they made burrows for their pretty pink bodies, and lined them with fine earth; how they dragged dead leaves into them, and how they were now curled up snugly at the bottom, sleeping, like everything else in this underground world.

Then there were hundreds of eggs all about, ready for hatching when warm weather came.



Indeed, I cannot tell you half the curious things the little seed saw and heard during the winter.

So the weeks and months passed away, until one day they heard a scraping sound overhead, and knew that spring had come, and the gardener was uncovering the beds:

Very soon after that, the lilacs sent word to the rootlets that it was time to go to work. Then the brown seed said, "Maybe spring will send to me now." And even while it spoke there came a soft, pattering sound, very sweet and low; the warm raindrops gathered all about it and sang, "We've come, little Seed, to help you grow." The seed tasted the drops, and liked them so much that it drank enough to make it quite soft, and its skin began to crack. "Hello!" it cried, "I feel like getting out of this shell and trying to grow; but I'll wait a little longer; perhaps spring will send me another message." And before the day passed, the corner where the seed lay was filled with a strange warmth, and again it heard little voices singing. This time they said:

"From the golden sun with its fiery glow  
We've come, little Seed, to help you grow."

"Well, well," said the seed, "raindrops and sunbeams to help me. Wonder if there's anything else."

And the dear Mother Earth that had held it so

safely all winter, whispered, "I, too, little Seed, will help you grow."

"Surely," said the seed, "I can grow with so much help." So it bravely went to work, and with the help of the raindrops, broke its shell and sent out the tenderest little stem you ever saw. I don't know how it knew that the stem should turn upward, unless the sunbeams told it, but upward it started, and at the same time a slender rootlet started downward, to be ready for the food Mother Earth would give it when the seed had eaten all it had inside its skin.

Oh, how hard the brown seed did work, and how happy it was, pushing its stem and rootlets through the soil, until one April morning it reached the light! Then the sunbeams laughed, and danced with joy.

The world looked very lovely to the newcomer! Overhead was a bright blue sky filled with soft clouds, a warm breeze was blowing, and all about it were other tender plants that had just pushed out of the earth.

They were all pale and weak, but the sun shone so brightly that they soon felt stronger, and grew very fast with the help of sunbeams, Mother Earth, and the dear little raindrops.

Now the lilac roots had no small brown seed to talk with, for you know part of it was making leaves and

stems above ground, and the rest had grown into many rootlets, that were searching about gathering up juices with their little mouths, for the growing plant.

Every day it grew higher and stronger, and unfolded leaves so fast that the little rootlets down in the dark were kept busy finding food for it, and one day when the little lamb again ran through the garden, it saw a flower bud among the pretty green leaves; and just a few days later, what do you suppose was swinging in the morning breeze in place of the bud the little lamb saw? Guess.

# Little Brown Seed.



1. A lit - tle seed small and round, Down in the
2. The lit - tle seed kept quite still, List'ning un -
3. The lit - tle seed said to him-self: "Won-der who



ground, Sleep - ing so co - sy and warm,  
til Voic - es of sun beams shy,  
else Has a mes-sage for me,



Safe from all storm, Heard wee rain - drops whis - per  
Came from the sky, The gold - en sun with  
I'll wait and see;" And the voice of earth said:



low: "We've come lit - tle seed, to help you grow."  
fier - y glow, Sends us lit - tle seed, to help you grow."  
"Don't you know That I, lit - tle seed, will help you grow?"

## LIFE OF A BUTTERFLY.

One time on a beautiful bright day in May, a lovely butterfly waked, and came out of her snug warm cradle, where she had been sleeping all winter. She rested awhile on the twig of a tree, and then flew off into the clear air. She felt so happy and strong with her beautiful wings! She felt as if she could almost fly up into the blue sky. But she was hungry, and began to look for something to eat. She found the dew for drink, and oh! such delicious honey in the flowers.

There was never anyone happier than she. So she lived and flew about in the warm sunshine for many summer days. At last, she began to look for a place to lay the eggs which would one day be her little ones. She decided to put them all together on a big juicy cabbage leaf, which she found in the garden.

They had not been there long before the mamma butterfly felt that she was not going to be one to take care of her babies. She called to a quiet caterpillar

who was slowly crawling by, and asked if she could hire her as a nurse for her dear children.

“See these tiny eggs,” she said; “I don’t know how long it will be before they come to life; but I have been wondering who will take care of my little butterflies if I am not here. Will you, kind green Caterpillar? But you must be careful about what you give them to eat. Of course you will not expect them to eat anything as coarse as your food; they must have honey and dew. And their little wings will be weak; you must not let them fly too far, at first. Dear me! it is too bad that you do not fly yourself. But I have no time to try to find another nurse. Dear, dear, I am almost sorry I laid my eggs on a cabbage leaf! What a place for baby butterflies! Still you will be good and kind to my little ones, won’t you, dear Caterpillar? Here, take this gold dust from my wings as your reward. You won’t forget about the food, will you?”

Then the beautiful butterfly flew to a cozy nook and quietly folded her wings for the long, sweet rest that mamma butterflies always have, and this new nurse, who had not had the chance to say yes or no to this strange request, was left all alone beside the eggs.

“A pretty one she has chosen!” thought the cater-

pillar. "It cannot be that she knew what she was doing when she asked me to be the nurse! A poor crawling creature like me to bring up her dainty little ones! Did she think they would mind me, when they feel the gay wings on their backs? Why, they can fly away, wherever they choose! I cannot fly after them. Ah, how silly she was, in spite of her beautiful clothes, and the gold dust on her wings!"

But the butterfly was gone, and there lay the eggs on the cabbage leaf; and the green caterpillar had a kind heart, so she made up her mind to do the best she could. She was too anxious to sleep that night. She watched and walked about until daybreak, for fear some harm should come to the little eggs.

In the morning she said: "I must ask advice of some one! How should a crawling thing like me know what to do?" But the next puzzle was, whom should she ask?

Surely the shaggy dog could not tell her! He often came into the garden, but he was so big and rough that he would whisk all the eggs off the cabbage leaf with one brush of his tail, if she should ask him to come and talk to her. No; she could not ask him about baby butterflies! Then there was the cat—he was quiet, to be sure, and often sat warming himself in the sunshine, there by the apple tree, but he was

so selfish and indifferent! He looked as if he was thinking of mice and fresh warm milk all the time. There was no hope of advice from him. He would never take the trouble to think about these eggs!

"I wonder who is the wisest of all the creatures I know," sighed the caterpillar, for she was in great trouble. Then she thought, and thought, till at last she thought about birds. She knew one, a lark, who flew so very high that nobody could see where he went to, so she decided that he must be very wise and know a great deal, for he could fly so high; and that was the caterpillar's idea of perfect glory.

So she sent a messenger to the cornfield near by, where the lark lived, and ask him to come and talk with her. When he came she told him all, and asked him how she was to feed and take care of little babies so different from herself.

"Don't you think you can ask some one about it, the next time you fly so high, dear Lark?"

The lark only answered, "Perhaps so," and soon after went sailing and singing up into the bright blue sky. By and by he was so far away the caterpillar could hear his song no longer, and of course she could not see him, for, poor thing, she never could see far at any time; and looking up was so hard for her; even when she raised her body as high as she could, which



she did now. But it was of no use, she could not see the lark, so she dropped upon her legs again and began her walk around the butterfly's eggs, eating a bit of the cabbage leaf now and then as she went along.

The lark was away so long, she began to worry about it. "What a great while he has been gone!" she cried. "I do wonder where he is now! I would give all my legs to know. He must have gone higher than usual this time. I should like to know where he goes, and what he hears in that blue sky! He always sings when he goes up and when he comes down, but he never lets the secret out. He is very, very close!"

Then she took another turn around the eggs.

At last she heard the lark's voice again, and almost jumped for joy. He flew straight down into the cabbage bed.

"News! news! good news, friend Caterpillar," sang the lark. "But the worst of it is, you won't believe me."

"I believe all I am told," said the caterpillar, hastily.

"Well, then, first of all, I will tell you what these little creatures will want to eat. What do you think it is going to be? Guess!"

"Why, dew and honey out of flowers," sighed the caterpillar.

"No such thing, old lady! Guess again. Something simpler than that. Something that you can get easily."

"I can get nothing as easily as cabbage leaves," said the poor caterpillar, in distress.



"Good! good! my dear friend," cried the lark in glee. "You have guessed it. You are to feed them with cabbage leaves."

"Never!" shouted the caterpillar. "It was their mother's last request that I should do no such thing!"

“Well,” said the lark, “why do you ask me about it, and then doubt what I say? You have neither faith nor trust.”

“Oh, I believe all I am told!” said the green caterpillar.

“No, you do not,” replied the lark. “You won’t believe what I say about the food, and that is only one of the wonderful things I have to tell you. Why, dear old lady, what do you think those little eggs will turn out to be?”

“Butterflies, to be sure,” said the caterpillar.

“No, ma’am! caterpillars!” sang the lark: “and you will find it out in time.” Then the lark flew away, for he did not want to argue with his friend, the caterpillar; but he knew she did not believe what he told her.

“Oh, dear! I thought the lark was wise and kind; but he is foolish and saucy instead. Maybe he went up too high this time. It is a pity he should come back so silly and rude. I am so sad and disappointed! What shall I do? Still, I do wonder what he sees and does away up yonder,” observed the caterpillar, as she began once more her walking around the eggs.

“I would tell you, if you would believe me,” sang the lark, as he flew down into the garden again.

“I believe all I am told,” repeated the caterpillar,

with a grave look on her face, as if she were telling the truth.

“Well, then I will tell you something else; for the best of my news you have not heard: You will one day be a butterfly yourself!”

“Saucy bird!” exclaimed the caterpillar. “Why do you make fun of me because I am poor and small, and have no wings? Now you are cruel, as well as foolish! Go away! I will ask no more advice of you.”

“I told you you would not believe me,” replied the lark.

The caterpillar insisted that she believed “anything that was reasonable. But to tell me that butterflies’ eggs are caterpillars, and that caterpillars some day get wings and become butterflies—Lark, that is such nonsense no one could believe it! You know that could never be.”

“I know no such thing,” replied the lark. “I fly over all the fields, and into the deep blue sky; and I see so many wonderful things, I don’t see why this could not be true also. Oh, dear Caterpillar, it is because you crawl, and never get beyond your cabbage leaf that you think this is impossible.”

“Nonsense!” shouted the caterpillar. “Look at my long green body; look at my many legs, and then tell

me I shall one day have wings, and a painted, feathery coat! Nonsense! It is all nonsense, I say."

And so they talked, and came near having a quarrel because the caterpillar could not believe such a wonderful tale; but the happy lark called out:

"Well, my friend, some day you will know that what I say is true. Good-bye!" And he sailed off again.

Just then the caterpillar nurse felt something moving at her side. She looked around—and there were eight or ten little green caterpillars crawling about! They had come out of the butterfly's eggs, and were already eating tiny bits of the cabbage leaf!

How do you think the nurse felt to see this? She was astonished, and ashamed of what she had said to the lark.

Then a great joy filled her heart.

"Perhaps if this first wonder is true, the rest that the lark told me may be also," she said.

And so she came to believe him, and all the rest of her life she talked to her friends and relations about the time when she should be a butterfly.

The butterfly's babies—what did they do? Why, they ate and ate the fresh juicy leaves; crawled and crawled about until they grew as big as caterpillars ever grow to be. Then as the days began to grow

cool, and the leaves were getting their bright dresses on, these little caterpillars felt like curling up in some snug place for a nap. So they ate all they could of the leaves they liked the best, and then each one looked about for a place to put his cradle. For do you know—they knew how to make their own cradles.

Each one spun a fine silky cover about him, so that when it was done, all one could see was a small brown cradle fastened to the twig of a tree. There he swings and sleeps, so safe and warm that the rain cannot hurt him nor Jack Frost make him cold. He will sleep so soundly and so long that he will wait for the sunshine of next spring to wake him. Then he will begin to stretch, and soon grow too big for his little bed, and on some sunny day he will be wide awake, and come out with beautiful wings, looking just like his mamma.

This is very strange, but very true; so you see that the kind lark was right, and the dear old caterpillar nurse was mistaken.

## MR. AND MRS. ROBIN.

One pleasant April day, Mr. and Mrs. Robin were flying about over the fields and woods, looking for a place to build their nest.

At last they saw an old oak tree that suited very well; but when they went to look it over, a couple of rude blue jays flew screaming and chattering at them. "Go away! go away!" they called; "if you don't, we'll make you. You needn't think you can make your nests here. Go away! go away!"

"Well, well," said good little Mrs. Robin, "we won't quarrel about it, when the whole world is full of beautiful places for nests." So away she and her mate flew.

Then they found a large, soft maple, that had—oh, so many lovely corners for nests! and at once they went to work. But when Mr. Robin flew off for a long straw he had seen in the road, he hurried back in a great fright. "Oh, my dear!" he cried, "this place won't do at all! There's a dreadful cat and three kittens on the other side of that fence."

"Then we must go," said Mrs. Robin. "I can't have my birdies eaten by cats."

They began hunting again, and flew about until Mrs. Robin said: "I am so tired, Rob, I can't hunt any more to-day." So she tucked her head under her



wing, and went to sleep a whole hour before her usual time.

The next morning, after their breakfast, they sat down on a fence rail to talk it all over. "We really must get our nest started to-day," said Mrs. Robin, "for it's time I was laying my eggs."

"To be sure," said her mate. "Let's go and look



at that elm tree over there by the brick house;" and off they flew.

There seemed to be neither blue jays nor cats near the old elm, so they picked out a quiet spot for the nest, quite in the middle of the tree, where neither wind nor rain could reach it.

Now there were some wicked little sparrows living just under the roof of the brick house. When the robins came to the elm tree one of them called, "Oh, look! look! Those silly old robins mean to build a nest! Won't we have fun tearing it to pieces!"

"That we will; ha! ha!" screamed the rest.

They kept very still, watching, until Mr. and Mrs. Robin had the nest well started; then down they flew, picked it to pieces, and carried it off. When the birds came back and found no nest, Mr. Robin said: "I think, my dear, we didn't fasten it well to the tree, and it has blown off. We'll go to work again, and do better." So away they flew, bringing long horsehairs and bits of thread and straw, working away as hard as they could, while the bad little sparrows sat watching; and again, when the nest was well started, tore it apart.

The robins were more puzzled than ever this time. "It can't be the wind," said Mrs. Robin, "because we don't see any of the straws on the ground."

“Well, I’m sure I don’t know what it is,” answered her mate; “but we’ll try again,” which they did the very next day; and lo! the same thing happened.

“This will never do,” said Mrs. Robin. “We won’t get a nest at all, at this rate. I’ll watch, Rob, and you do the work;” but as soon as he left, the sparrows pounced upon her, pecked and pushed her, until she was so frightened she flew to her mate.

“Oh, dear! oh, dear!” she cried, “what shall we do? They frightened me so I couldn’t stay.”

“Never mind, dear,” said her mate; “we’ll not mind them, and they’ll soon tire of troubling us.”

On worked the robins, day after day, for nearly a week, the sparrows again and again spoiling the nest as soon as it was started, until they had all the straw and threads they wanted; then the robins were left to build in peace. How happy they were then, to be sure! The beautiful nest was soon done, and not long after there were four of the daintiest little eggs in it!

Mrs. Robin sat on them night and day, until one fine morning four funny baby birds were hatched; they had very large yellow mouths that were almost always open for something to eat, round brown eyes just like the mother’s, and no feathers at all.

They grew so fast that both the old birds were kept busy hunting up long fat worms for them. You don't know what a pleasant home the little nest made for the baby birds. There were the pretty dancing leaves about them, and very often a breeze to rock them to sleep, and at night, or when it rained, the mother's soft feathers to cover them.

By and by they grew so large that the nest was quite crowded; and Mrs. Robin was troubled for fear some one would fall out. So she said: "Now, children, you must learn to fly."

And—will you believe it?—they learned to fly much quicker than you learned to walk. Indeed, before night they were all hopping about over the ground, hunting their own worms, and Mrs. Robin had only an empty nest.

It was lonesome after that in the old elm tree; but soon there were more little birds for Mrs. Robin to care for, and she did it so well that when fall came you could scarcely have told the young birds from the old ones.

# Robin's Good-By.

1. Drear-y and chill is the day;      Leaves are fall - ing  
 2. Leav-ing her emp - ty nest,      In the elm tree  
 3. Rob - in will come a - gain,      Af - ter win - ter's

fast, . . . .      Rob-in says: "Now I must go, . . . . Good  
 high, . . .      Rob-in says: "I must be off . . . . Dear  
 snow, . . .      Build a new nest in the elm . . . When

## CHORUS.

by, for the sum-mer is past." . . . Good - by, good-by, good-  
 lit - tle nest, now good - by." . . .  
 balm-y spring breeze - es blow. . . .

# Robin's Good-By—Concluded.

by . . . . . Hark to the roun - de -

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The lyrics 'by . . . . . Hark to the roun - de -' are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part in treble clef and a left-hand part in bass clef, both in the same key and time signature. The piano part uses chords and arpeggiated figures.

lay, . . . . . Rob-in is sing-ing her

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'lay, . . . . . Rob-in is sing-ing her'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic textures, including chords and arpeggiated patterns.

fare - well song, Rob - in is go - ing a way.

The third system concludes the piece with the lyrics 'fare - well song, Rob - in is go - ing a way.'. The vocal line ends with a final note, and the piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and arpeggiated figure.

## PUSSY WILLOW'S HOOD.

All winter long Pussy Willow had been shut up in her house by the brook; but one bright spring morning she opened the door and peeped out. It was very early—oh, very early! Not a flower was to be seen yet. Here and there were a few shy buds and a few brave little birds, the only friendly beings she saw. Pussy Willow shivered, either because she was lonesome or because it was cold, I'm sure I don't know which; but she cuddled her little head back in her warm fuzzy hood and sat very still, looking out upon the big world of trees and grass and flowers that were just now beginning to wake from their long winter's nap.

"Ah, good morning, Pussy Willow!" called the brook as it went sparkling by, glad once more to be free from its winter covering of snow and ice, and to be able to look out once more upon the warm sun and blue sky.

"Ah, good morning, Pussy Willow!" creaked the stiff old boughs of the trees as they straightened out their naked branches, through which the winter winds so long had played at will.

“Ah, good morning, Pussy Willow!” cried jolly old Jack Frost, who knew well enough that his fun now was very near at an end.

“Ah, good morning, Pussy Willow!” chirped the little sparrows as they flew busily back and forth from tree to tree, looking, very likely, for a place for a home by and by, and a nest in which to raise their family of baby sparrows. But by this time old Robin Redbreast, who had been about all winter long—so warm was he in his warm coat of feathers—began to grow jealous of all this attention poured out to Pussy Willow. “Good morning, Pussy Willow!” said he, flitting up to a branch near by, and gazing critically at her. “What a funny little hood you have! Why do you wear it?”

“Oh, Mother Nature told me to; and she always knows what is best,” answered Pussy Willow.

“I would not wear a hood,” sneered Mr. Robin; and down he flew to the ground, leaving Pussy Willow a little unhappy, for, like all little girls, she liked to wear nothing that was queer or unbecoming. Then Mr. Robin—he was a cruel robin—whispered to all the other birds and to the boughs and to the brook, “Pussy Willow has to wear a hood. Pussy Willow has no hair!” And the next morning, as soon as ever

the sun was up, they called out at Pussy Willow and laughed at her.

“Bald! bald!” cried the crow; “cheat! cheat!” twittered the sparrows, till poor Pussy could have cried for very grief. “Never mind,” soothed Mother Nature; “wait a few days, and it is Mr. Robin who shall weep, and hide his very head for shame.”

And Pussy Willow did wait; and one morning, when the sun was very warm and the water in the brook sparkled and leaped from pebble to pebble, and all the trees were full of birds, behold Pussy Willow gave up her hood to Mother Nature, and sprang forth happy as a little bee, her long yellow curls dancing in the sunlight and shining like gold as the sun's rays fell upon them.

“Bald! bald!” screamed the crows, but this time at crestfallen Mr. Robin; “cheat! cheat!” cried the birds; until for very shame Mr. Robin was driven from field and forest.



# Pussy Willows.

M. H. H.

1. Pret-ty pus - sies down by the brook, ✕  
 2. If I put you down by the fire, You ✕  
 3. "Ah, no!" the pus - sies said, "We ✕

Swing-ing a - way, to and fro; On the bending wil-low  
 pus-sies so cun-ning and shy, I won-der if you'll  
 couldn't and we wouldn't do that: We be-long to fair-y

boughs, Like pus - sy cats all in a row.  
 turn In - to pus - sy cats by and by?  
 folks, And we are their pus sy cats!"

## HOW DAME NATURE GOT HER FROST.

"I declare," said Dame Nature, one day last fall, "I've been trying for a whole week to gather dew to make my frost, and the air has been so dry I couldn't do it; but it's full of moisture to-day, and I'll set my people to work after sundown."

"Will you?" laughed the clouds. "We mean to cover the earth with a gray curtain to-night; and then let's see you gather dew!"

"Of course I can't, if you do that," answered Dame Nature; "but I'll get a chance tomorrow, perhaps."

But when the next evening came, up spoke the wind: "I'm going to blow as hard as I can to-night; so, Madam, you'll have to give up the dewdrops again."

"How provoking!" said Dame Nature; "with all the work I have to do, it's very unkind in you to hinder me so."

But her chance came very soon, for the wind and clouds started off on a trip, and the evenings were still, clear, and cold.

“Just the weather for frost-making,” said the Dame; and she sent this message to the people in the country:

“As soon as the sun sets, you are to throw off all the heat you have, and when you are quite cold, catch the vapor from the air, and hold it.”

“There’s no use,” said Dame Nature, “in trying to get much dew in city streets; the houses are so close together, and the ground is much too hard; but there’s a fine chance in the country; and in the morning I’ll go out and see what my people have done.”

And what a time they had of it, in the country, that night. As soon as the sun was out of sight, trees, fence boards, grass, fields, and even great stones by the roadside began to throw off their heat. The rocks and stones found it hard work, and soon gave up; but the others kept on, until they were so cold that as soon as the warm little vapors that were floating about in the air touched them, they became dew.

At midnight a large star looked down and saw everything but the smooth old rocks covered with it. They had very little. “I don’t care,” said one of them to a rosebush; “I hadn’t much heat anyway, and I’d much rather keep it than be as wet as you are.”

The vapors were a good deal surprised at finding



The Wise Little  
Girl

themselves clinging to trees and fences; but they said, "Never mind; in the morning the sun will set us free," and they settled down for the night.

But their beds were so cold that they soon began to freeze. It didn't hurt them at all, but they grew very sleepy and at last closed their eyes and slept, knowing nothing about the shining white dress that was put upon them; nor did they hear the large star say to the little ones, "It must be pretty cold down there on the earth. See how the dew is changing to frost."

Dame Nature set out very early next morning, to see what had been done.

"Very well, indeed!" she said to the fences, trees, grass, and earth. "You

have a fine lot of frost," but she only frowned at the rocks.

By and by she saw a garden bed with none at all. "How's this?" she cried. "Didn't you get my order last night?"

"Oh, but please, dear Dame Nature, we couldn't help it; a little girl came out and covered us with a large piece of cloth."

"That was a wise little girl," said Dame Nature. "I should like to know her. Well, never mind; I have plenty, anyway;" and off she started, just as the sun, looking out from behind a cloud, said, "What does that frost mean, I should like to know? I'll shine on it with all my might and see what happens."

And what do you suppose did happen?

## THE WALNUT TREE THAT WANTED TO BEAR TULIPS.

Many years ago, when your grandmamma's grandmamma was a little girl, there stood a tall young walnut tree in the back yard of a tulip dealer.

Now the walnut thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as the little tulips that were set out in the yard to be kissed by the sun, who each day paid a visit of an hour to the walnut.

The wonder is that the sun did not stay longer to watch the pretty shadow pictures which the walnut began to make on the grass as soon as the sun said "Good morning."

Another wonder is, that the great walnut ever thought of looking down at the dear little tulips, when he might have looked up at the greater sun. But so he did, and you and I will never know the why of a great many things smaller even than that, until we go up higher, to be taught by the dear Friend who knows everything."

However, the tulips were very lovely, I assure you, with their scarlet and golden cups.

One day a wonderful sister tulip was brought out. What color was she, do you suppose?

“Crimson?”

“No.”

“Purple?”

“No.”

I am sure you will not be able to guess, so I will tell you.

She was black, and she was softer than velvet and more glossy than satin.

When the walnut saw this beautiful tulip, every little leaf danced in the air for joy, and every little branch bent low. You’ve seen the trees bending to kiss the children and the flowers that way, I’m sure.

The walnut did something else, which I will tell you, if you will promise not to tell the hickory or the chestnut. He dropped a little leaf at the tulip’s feet, which was written all over with a wonderful language that nobody but trees and flowers, birds and bees, and perhaps Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Kingsley could read.

The tulip did not seem to care about the leaf or the letter written on it, and we cannot tell whether she sent an answer back to the walnut or not; be that as it may, the walnut was not quite so happy after he sent the letter, but he began growing better.

And do you not think it is wiser in our best Friend to make us good instead of happy, sometimes?

The walnut used to say after this happened, "I'll bear tulips myself."



How would a walnut tree look with tulips among its leaves?

You think that could never, never happen? We shall see?

Walnut struck his roots deeper, and spread his branches broader and broader, until he was quite wonderful to look upon. Sometimes the wind used to hear him singing something like this, which was set to the most beautiful, rustling little tune you ever heard:



"We'll bear tulips yet;  
 Leaves and I can ne'er forget.  
 Roots, be not weary;  
 Heart, be thou cheery  
 The blessing may tarry,  
 But we'll bear tulips yet;  
 Leaves, roots, and heart, do not forget."

A hundred years went by, but there were no tulips among the leaves of the walnut tree. A hundred years is a long time for trees to wait, is it not? We can afford to wait longer for some things than can the trees, for we never, never really and truly die. Now at the end of the hundred years this walnut fell to singing another refrain which the years had been teaching him:

"I bear no tulips yet;  
 And though I ne'er forget,  
 As Thou wilt, Master, let it be;  
 Tulips or only leaves for me,  
 Still I will cheery be.  
 Do Thou Thy will with me;  
 Leaves, roots, and heart I yield to Thee."

This dear walnut had been very brave and stout hearted. He had left nothing undone which any walnut tree could do, and he had grown very fine in fiber and perfect in form, so that one day a wood carver said, "That perfect tree is just what I want for my work." The brave old walnut was cut down and

sawed and chipped; but he did not mind, for what do you suppose the wood carver was making?

Black tulips, to be sure!

Then I advise you to look sharply at every bit of wood carving you can find, for those very tulips are somewhere, feeling very happy that they can bloom all the year, while some of the tulips we know have to sleep half the year at least.

## GIANT SLOTH AND THE TIDDLY-WINKS.

There was once a giant, who lived beside the sea. He was so large and strong that he could tear up a great tree by the roots, and when he laughed or shouted, the noise was like thunder.

He was called "Giant Sloth" because he was very lazy and liked nothing so much as sleeping. In fact, if it had not been for eating, he would have slept all the time.

One fine summer morning Giant Sloth sat down on the sand close to the water, with his back against a great log that had once been the mast of a ship. It was very still and warm, and in a moment Giant Sloth began, as usual, to feel sleepy; down went his head, lower and lower, until it rested on the log.

There he lay in the sand, sound asleep, with the dancing blue waves at his feet, and the soft air and sunshine all about him.

Now there were some funny tiddly-winks living among the rocks, not far from where the giant lay sleeping. They were very merry little creatures, who

neither walked nor ran, but were always hopping about.

This is the way they got into their castle: it was open at the top, and whenever a tiddly-wink wanted to go home and rest, he just hopped all around the castle, until he landed inside.

It was great fun to see a number of them trying to get in at the same time. Sometimes they fell at the



side, and again hopped too far, and went right over the top; but they never minded that, and kept on hopping and jumping until they were inside.

On the morning when Giant Sloth lay sleeping, with his head on the log, the tiddly-winks and their king were out playing in the sand. They dug holes with tiny shovels, sailed chips for boats, and waded into the water just as little boys and girls do.

As they played they went farther and farther from home, until suddenly they saw just before them, the great form of the giant. How they did scamper off then! They were in such haste to get away, that they tumbled over each other as they ran.

"Hurry! hurry!" they whispered. "There's Giant Sloth. He may wake and catch us."

They ran so fast they were soon out of breath, and had to stop and rest.

Then the little king, looking back, said, "Look! the tide is rising; and if Giant Sloth doesn't awaken he'll get a good wetting, if he isn't drowned."

The tiddly-winks looked at each other, at the blue waves that were already creeping over the giant's great feet, and then at their king. "That would be dreadful," said they; "but how can we help it? We daren't go near him."

The king looked troubled. "I wonder what we can do," he said to himself, leaning his head on his hand.

Just then he heard a rustling, and the air whispered in his ear, "May it please your majesty, I carry sound very fast, and if you'll give me your message I'll try and take it to the giant."

"Good!" cried the king; "we'll do it!" Then the tiddly-winks stood close together and shouted as

loudly as they could with their faint voices: "Giant Sloth, Giant Sloth! wake! The tide is rising. Wake! wake!" and away went the sound through the air, while the king scrambled upon a rock to see what came of it.

He watched a moment, then shook his head. "He doesn't move," he said; "we must try something else."

At that the pretty blue waves that were creeping over the sand called, "May it please your majesty, we carry sound four times faster than the air; try us."

"Good!" said the king again. "We'll do it."

Thereupon he ordered the tiddly-winks to run into the water, with stones in their hands, which they were to strike together as hard as they could.

Away hopped the little creatures in every direction, hunting for stones, and back they soon came, each with his hands full. The next instant they were splashing into the waves, as much at home there as so many ducks, striking the stones together and shouting for the second time, "Giant Sloth! Giant Sloth! wake! The tide is rising! Wake! wake!" and away went the sound through the water.

Now if only the giant's ears had been where his heels were, he might have awakened; but they were

up on the log, you know. So again the king shook his head, and said, "He's still sound asleep. What else can we do?"

He thought, and thought. At last he said, "Now, my men, there's one thing more to try. We must creep to the end of that log, and pound upon it. The wood will carry the sound to his ears for us. Come, get your hammers. Don't be afraid; I'll lead you."

They were dreadfully afraid to go so near the giant, yet never thought of disobeying their king; so they ran for their hammers, and were soon creeping softly after him.

Nearer and nearer they went, until they were all close to the end of the log, but well out of sight, in case the giant awoke.

"Ready!" ordered the king. "One—two—strike!" and down went the tiny hammers, again and again, the tiddly-winks at the same time calling, "Giant Sloth, Giant Sloth! Wake! wake!"

Through wood and air went the sound, straight into the giant's ear. Slowly he opened his eyes, raised his head, and gave such a yawn that the tiddly-winks trembled and crawled close under the log, where they lay very still until they heard him rise and stride off.

Then they hopped off home (looking gayer than ever in their red, blue, and green coats), laughing mer-

rily, to think what a joke it was, that Giant Sloth hadn't known they were hiding behind the log, or that he had been awakened by tiddly-winks and a tiddly-wink king.



## THE VAPOR FAMILY.

Did you ever hear of the Vapor family? In the beginning of their lives they were drops of water in a pretty little lake out in the country. There they lived a long time, sometimes keeping perfectly still for a whole day,—so still that the lake looked like a mirror, in which you could see the great white clouds overhead, the green hills around, and the soft-eyed cows as they came to drink.

Then again, when the wind came to see them, the little drops had great fun dancing about, making pretty waves, and racing one after another up to the shore or against the sides of the rowboats.

They always liked to play with the school children who often stopped as they went past, and waded about in the edge of the lake.

So they lived on, never thinking of any change, until one day the sunbeams said to them, "Little Drops, don't you want to leave that stupid lake and sail about in the air?"

Now the drops had never thought of such a thing;

but as soon as they heard this, they called out, "Oh; do, please, Sunbeams, tell us how to get there?"

"We'll get you ready in a little while," said the sunbeams; and they shone upon the lake with all their might. Before long the drops felt themselves growing very thin and light.

"Oh," said one, "I feel so funny!—just as if I had wings." "So do I," said another; "I'm so light I can't keep still." "Oh, oh, oh!" cried a third, "we really are rising. Good-bye, dear Lake! I wonder how far we shall go."

It was very pleasant. They could look back and see the lake, with the children playing along its banks, the brown-eyed cows, and the rowboats in the water.

It was all very strange, but the strangest thing about it was, that none of their old friends knew they had left; because, you see, they had grown so thin they were invisible. That is, no one could see them as they sailed so gayly away.

"Now," said the sunbeams, "you must have a new-name. You shall be called 'Little Vapors' as long as you wear this pretty light dress."

"Vapors!" they laughed; "that's much prettier than 'Drops.' Oh, yes; we'll be Vapors."

Now just as they were getting used to being in the air, and not at all afraid of falling, the sunbeams

were called away, and at that very moment the poor little Vapors were caught by some cold air, and held until they were so chilled and frightened they could scarcely move. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" they cried. "Oh, what shall we do? Oh, please let us go back to



"OH, SEE THE FOG OVER THE LAKE!" SHE SAID.

our old home!" And they cried for the sunbeams to come back. But the cold air only laughed, and said, "What are you crying about? I'll give you a better dress than that—one that can be seen;" and lo! there

was each little vapor dressed in the softest, prettiest gray. As they stood wondering, they heard the children say, "Oh, see the fog over the lake!"

"So now we're Fog," said they. "What shall we be next?" The cold air held them until he was driven away by a current of warm air; then they quickly shook off the gray dress, and again sailed upward, light and invisible as ever.

As they went along, they met hundreds of other Vapors. Indeed, the whole air seemed full of them; and as they were all talking and laughing together, our little Vapors became quite well acquainted, and soon found out all about the rest. And where do you suppose they came from?

"I," said one lively little fellow,— "I came from the teakettle on a kitchen stove. When the water boiled I just slipped through the spout, out at the window, and—here I am." "And I," said another, "came with a large party from the leaves of a fine old oak tree." Another said it floated away from a pan of water out in a yard for the chickens to drink from; and the oddest of all was, that a whole company had come from the clothes hanging on a line to dry, on last wash day. Among them all were many who had been back and forth from the sky to the earth a number of times, and they said, "You'll go back, too;" and they told our

little Vapors that if they kept rising they would find the air getting colder and colder, and that some day it would send them down to the earth. But the Vapors were not afraid now, and went on higher and higher until they were more than a mile from the lake. Then one beautiful morning they met the cold air again, and in a moment he had caught them all, and this time dressed them in beautiful white, so fleecy and soft it looked like wool. "Now," he said, "I have made clouds of you, and here comes the wind to give you a fine ride." It was pretty cold, but they didn't mind that, and called out, "Hurrah! what fun to ride about in the sky! Come on, Wind! we're all ready!" and away they went wherever the wind carried them.

They sailed about a long time, sometimes rising and again falling, until they were just above the mountain tops, but always wearing the fleecy white dress when with the cold air, and putting on the invisible one when they met any warm air.

A great many other Vapors joined them, so at last the cloud was very large; but one day the wind broke it in two, and part of it sailed away higher than the Vapors had ever been before; and then what do you suppose happened? Why, the cold air caught them again, and said quite roughly, "See here, you've

played about in the sky long enough. It's time you went back to earth; and besides, they need rain down there. So here you go;" and he just turned them into shining drops of water, that went down faster and faster, racing away as if each were trying to get to the earth first; lower and lower, until they reached the hilltops, where some that were very tired stopped. But the rest went hurrying on, striking against the trees and fences, rolling off roofs and making music against the window panes, until out of breath; but very happy after their rush from the sky, they sank down on the ground and were glad to rest.

Now can you guess what became of the others?

The wind carried them a long way from where the cloud was broken, and blew them about so roughly that at last the Vapors cried, "We've sailed far enough. Please, Wind, don't blow us about any more."

But the naughty wind wouldn't listen, and sent them whirling into such cold air that the poor Vapors were nearly frozen. But when they looked at each other, they saw such lovely dresses they forgot about the cold—the purest, daintiest white you ever saw. Then they whispered softly, "Let us go back home while we wear these dresses," and down they fell; but

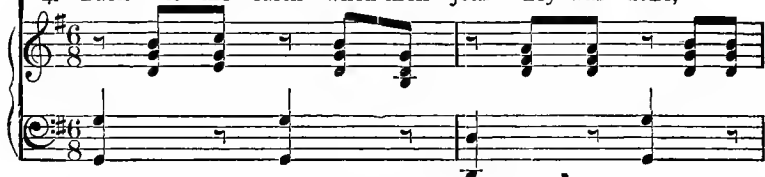
not as the raindrops did, for these floated and danced about all the way, like beautiful white fairies.

Down, down came the soft little flakes, covering the walks and garden beds, and then they lay very still.

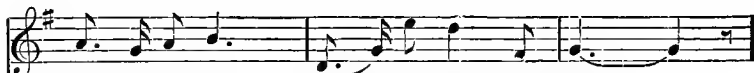
# Vapors.



1. Queer lit - tle va pors rose out of a lake,
2. Soon did the cold air the va - pors es py,
3. Then in a cloud did the wee va-pors ride,
4. Back to the earth when their jour - ney was done,



|                                   |                                 |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Va - pors rose out of a lake,     | Say - ing, "A jour - ney on     |
| Cold air the va - pors es - py,   | Changed them to fog in the      |
| Cloud did the wee va - pors ride, | Blown by a strong wind they     |
| Back when their journey was done  | Rain drops and snow flakes they |



|                      |                                      |
|----------------------|--------------------------------------|
| high we will take,   | Journey on high we'll take." . .     |
| wink of an eye,      | Chang'd in the wink of an eye. . . . |
| sailed far and wide, | Sailed they far and wide. . . .      |
| all had be - come,   | Rain drops and snow be - come. . .   |





## Vapors—Concluded.

On sun-beams gay sailed they a - way,  
 And there they stay dressed all in gray,  
 Flee - cy and bright, air - y and light,  
 All in their best, dain - ti - ly dressed,

Queer lit-tle va-pors at play; . . . On sunbeams gay  
 Queer lit-tle va-pors are they; . . . And there they stay,  
 Queer lit-tle va-pors in white; . . . Flee - cy and bright,  
 Queer lit-tle va-pors at rest; . . . All in their best,

sailed they a - way, Queer lit-tle va-pors at play. . . .  
 dress'd all in gray, Queer lit-tle va-pors are they. . . .  
 air - y and light, Queer lit-tle va-pors in white. . . .  
 dain-ti - ly dressed, Queer lit-tle va-pors at rest. . . .

## SEEDLINGS ON THE WING.

“Come, little Thistle-seed,” whispered the wind one day; “you can’t lie so closely in your mother’s lap always. I want some one to play with; come with me.”

The seedling spread its wings a little and listened as the soft wind spoke. It wanted to go very much, but said to the wind, “I do not like to leave my brothers and sisters.”

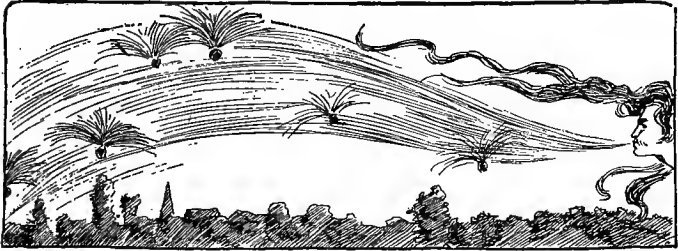
“They will all go some day and leave you; you had better come now, while the weather is beautiful; and I’ll not always be as gentle and warm a playfellow as I am to-day.”

Slowly the seed slipped out of its nest, to leave the dear home where it had grown from a tiny spike of purple to a full-winged, ripened seed.

“Come away! come away!” called the impatient breeze, as the seed lovingly lingered with its sisters and brothers; for its wings were caught among their wings, and it was hard to get away.

Out into the bright sunlight it sailed at last, carried by the soft wind. How light-hearted and happy it was! Over the low bushes and under the high

branches it floated, skimming along so merrily. All at once they heard some one calling, "Take me with you; take me with you, gentle Breeze!" And a poor



little dandelion seed which had been lodged in a hazel bush since early summer flew toward the thistle. Its wings were all blown and soiled, so that it could hardly fly. The thistle tenderly put its fluffy white arms about it to help it along; and then the dandelion told its story to its comrade, and the kind breeze listened too, as it carried them along.

"I did not leave my brothers and sisters until we had journeyed together for a long time. But the rain came down and dampened our wings, and we could not fly. Instead of falling to the ground where I might have been so warm and comfortable, I happened to catch on to the hazel bush where you found me, and there I have been all this beautiful summer; and no one stopped to help me off until you came past."

The breeze comforted it by whispering that it could not grow until spring, even if it did fall to the ground; and the gentle thistle put its wings even more closely about the little dandelion, and promised to help it so long as its own wings held out.

“Shall I bring you some more friends?” asked the breeze. “See, yonder are little Miss Cottonwood and cousin Milkweed! They are such pleasant company, and we will all enjoy a merry party.”

So off skipped the wind, while the dandelion and thistle rested a moment on the tip of a grass blade.

Mr. Breeze hurried back, and all puffing and out of breath he introduced the newcomers to his old play-fellows. They all locked their soft wings about each other, and the friendly breeze puffed a little harder that he might carry them all on together. He was so happy and frolicsome and delighted over his merry company, that he skipped about everywhere and did not watch closely where he was carrying them; and the happy seeds were so joyous and glad, they little cared where they went.

Suddenly they touched a beautiful, soft white body, that flew along so swiftly and pushed them ahead so hard that they all lost their breath and were quite startled. The breeze could hardly keep up with them, but he made them happy again by telling them that it

was only the breast of a white dove they had blown against, and soon they would be free.

The bird flew on and on toward the sun, and just as she was descending into an oak tree, the seeds slipped away from her breast and fell to the ground. They were very much excited, but not troubled in the least, and very glad to rest after the long, swift journey.

Their playfellow, the breeze, hovered over them and spread a light awning of leaves to keep them protected. The sun was going down, and he swiftly whispered a "Good night! sweet dreams!" and hurried on to do his duties in carrying the clouds to the sunset.

As they lay on the soft moss a clear, fresh voice spoke to them: "Good day, sweet Seedlings!" and they looked around, and it was a last year's acorn that stood holding up its tall young head and tiny fresh leaves.

"I dropped here last year, just as you did now, and see how beautiful the mosses and soft rains have made me!"

"Oh, will we be as you are?" they all whispered.

"I do not know; but it is beautiful to live and grow. Some day I shall be a tree; something tells me so."

"Oh, will we all be trees, just like the others in this great forest?" they whispered again.

“I do not know; go to sleep as I did, and when you wake up you will have dreamed it, just as I did, and your dream will all come true.”

“Will we all dream the same dream?” they asked.

“Wait and see,” said the acorn.

And they all slept a long, sweet sleep.

## WHAT THE FIRE SPRITES DID.

It was time to get dinner, so Jane filled the teakettle and put it on the stove.

“Wonder what kind of a place this is,” said the drops, as they tumbled in. “It’s as dark as the pipe we came from; but there’s plenty of room, and that’s a comfort,” and they waited for what was to come.

Then Jane stirred the coal, and the little fire sprites, in their flame-colored dresses, reached their arms of heat up to the teakettle, and cried, “Here’s work for us!” And they slipped right into the bottom of the kettle; then went creeping, creeping, creeping from one part of the tin to another, until they had traveled all over it, and the kettle was hot.

“Now,” said the fire sprites, “let’s heat the water. We’ll catch these drops at the bottom, and make them lively for once in their lives, as sure as you’re born.” With that they threw their long, hot arms around the drops and held them tightly.

Warmer and warmer grew the drops. They had never felt anything like it before, and became so

happy that at last they burst out singing a soft little song.

The cold drops above heard it, and said, "They're singing at the bottom of the kettle; some of us must go down to see what the fun is." At once a party started. There would have been no room for them, had not the fire sprites been at work; but as it was, the drops at the bottom had grown so light, it was an easy matter to push them out of the way.

This the cold drops did. The others never minded but went dancing and singing to the top. This was their song:

Rink tum, rink tum re;  
We're happy as we can be;  
With a skip and a hop  
We'll rise to the top—  
Rink tum, rink tum re.

The cold drops had only time to spread out over the bottom of the kettle, when they, too, were caught by the fire sprites. They were as much pleased with the heat as their friends had been.

"How glad I am that we came here!" said one. "Yes," said another, "and I mean to stay to enjoy myself."

The words were no sooner spoken than over they all went, pushed aside by another party from above.



"We want this place, and you must get out of the way," called the newcomers.

There was no help for it; up went the warm drops, singing the same little song:

Rink tum, rink tum re;  
We're happy as we can be;  
With a skip and a hop  
We'll rise to the top—  
Rink tum, rink tum re.

By this time all the water in the kettle was in motion, cold drops falling, warm drops rising, singing as they rose, and the fire sprites (who just enjoyed the fun), catching each drop as soon as it reached the bottom.

They jostled and pushed each other so much, as they danced about, singing their little song, that they made quite a loud bubbling noise.

Just then little Carl came into the kitchen for a cooky, and he heard the bubbling. "What makes that noise, Jane?" said he.

"It's the teakettle singing," answered Jane.

"How can a teakettle sing?" said the little boy. "What makes it?"

"I don't know, child," said Jane. "Run along and don't bother;" and she went on peeling the potatoes.

The happy little drops in the teakettle heard what she said, and they laughed aloud.

“Jane doesn’t know what makes us sing,” said they. “Neither do we; but it’s something at the bottom of the kettle;” and they bubbled and sputtered at such a rate, that Jane took the teakettle off the stove.

# The Tea Kettle's Song.

H.

JOHN HANDEL.



1. Did you ev - er 'hear a tea - ket - tle sing,
2. Such a gur - gling, sweet, yet rol - lick - ing song,
3. "There is nev - er a place like home, sweet home,"
4. And the white steam floats a - way thro' the - air



On a frost - y win - ter night?  
With the cheer - i - est re - frain,  
Out the tea - ket - tle sings quite plain,  
While the bub - bles keep danc - ing on



When the kitch en stove was a - glow with heat,  
While the lid goes bob - bing up and down,  
Then it hums and sput - ters an oth - er tune,  
Till the place seems full of the dear old words,



And the room all co - sy and bright.  
Keep - ing mer - ry time to the strain.  
But the words are al - ways the same.  
And the hap - py tea - ket - tle's song.

## LITTLE GOLDEN-ROD.

Little Golden-rod leaned up against the fence, and looked about her.

She saw a dusty country road at her feet, with dark woods on the other side. Then she peeped, through the fence at a large meadow with a happy little brook dancing through it, and dozens upon dozens of bright field daisies scattered about, with brown caps, and petals as golden as any sunset you ever saw.

She looked back at her brothers and sisters, and down at herself. They were all standing by the roadside dressed in pale green, and pretty well covered with dust.

"I wish," said little Golden-rod, "I really wish that I had been born a daisy, and were living in that meadow, with the pretty brook to drink from, and a beautiful yellow dress to wear."

Just then a smart young grasshopper came jumping toward her on his six long legs.

"You don't look happy, little Golden-rod," said he; "What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much," answered Golden-rod; "only I wish I were a daisy, with a pretty yellow dress."

"Is that all?" said the grasshopper; "then just let me tell you that I know where you can get gold enough for a dozen dresses. Do you know what a rainbow is?" and he hopped quite close to her on the fence rail.

"To be sure I do," said Golden-rod. "It's a beautiful bow that sometimes comes in the sky when it rains; what's that to do with it?"

"Just this," said the grasshopper. "I've heard my grandfather say: 'At the foot of the rainbow lies a pot of gold.' Now, then, Golden-rod, what's to hinder your going there and helping yourself?"

"Oh, I only wish I could!" said Golden-rod; "but I don't know where the foot of the rainbow is."

"I can tell you, then," answered the grasshopper; "it's just across the meadow, over there at the foot of that hill; see?" and he pointed with one of his long legs.

"Yes," said Golden-rod, "I see; but it's a long way off. How shall I get there?"

"Oh, just pull yourself loose from the ground, and the wind will take you over 'most any day," and the grasshopper jumped to the ground, and started off.

"Thank you; thank you! I'll certainly do it," Golden-rod called after him, never stopping to think whether he had told her the truth or not.

That very day she commenced trying to pull herself from the earth, and pretty soon all her dainty roots were calling, "Please stop, Golden-rod. We want to get you something to eat, and you won't let us go into the ground."

"Never mind anything to eat," she answered; "I'm going after gold for a new dress." And she pulled harder than ever; but the kind earth knew what was best for the little plant, and wouldn't let go.

She was not discouraged, though, but worked away every day, with her face always turned toward the hill across the meadow, where the grasshopper had said the foot of the rainbow would be.

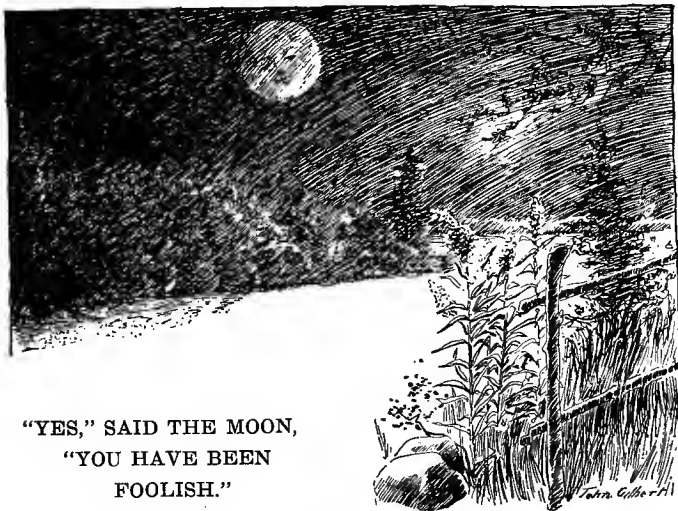
Day after day went by. It was very hot and dusty, but little Golden-rod kept saying to herself, "At the foot of the rainbow lies a pot of gold. I must get loose before a rainbow comes, so that I can go at once;" and she kept on pulling.

But somehow she began to feel faint and weary; and her little roots were saying, "If Golden-rod doesn't let us go farther into the ground, we can't feed her much longer, for there's no more food about us here;" and they sent her only enough to keep her alive, but not enough to make her grow large and strong.

At last one night, she was so tired and discouraged

that she just dropped her head upon the fence rail and cried.

Pretty soon she heard a sweet voice saying, "Poor little Golden-rod! foolish little Golden-rod! I'm so



"YES," SAID THE MOON,  
"YOU HAVE BEEN  
FOOLISH."

sorry for you!" She looked up, and there was the great silvermoon, looking so kindly down, and showering such lovely white light over her.

"Oh, dear Moon," sobbed Golden-rod, "am I foolish? Please help me; for I am so tired and weak I can not even stand."

"Yes," said the moon, "you have been very foolish.

Listen, little Golden-rod. There is no pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow; and even if there were, you could never reach it; but if you had done your very best here by the road-side, had sent your rootlets far down into the earth, and had caught all the sunshine the great sun had for you, you would now have as beautiful a dress as any daisy of the field; and be strong and well."

Then little Golden-rod cried harder than ever; but she listened all the while as the moon went on:

"Haven't you noticed that your brothers and sisters have new dresses of gold?"

"No," said Golden-rod sadly; "I've been so busy watching for the rainbow, I haven't even looked at them for a long time."

"Look in the morning, then," said the moon, "and ask how they became golden while you are still pale green;" and she wrapped her face in a fleecy cloud, and went away.

As soon as it was light, little Golden-rod straightened up, and looked on both sides of her, although it made her neck ache to turn around, she had held it still so long.

She hardly knew her own brothers and sisters. There they stood, each with every slender stem so covered with bright little yellow flowers, that they



looked like tossing plumes as the morning breeze waved them.

“Oh, how pretty you all are!” cried little Golden-rod. “Where did you get those lovely dresses?”

“Why, you see,” said the others, “they just came to us. We gathered all the sunshine we could, and somehow, when our hearts were full of it, we grew yellow; and the more sunshine we get, the brighter we grow.”

Little Golden-rod looked down at her own faded green suit, that now had many a withered leaf in it, and shook her head. “The moon was right,” she whispered; “I have been very foolish; but perhaps if I try hard I may yet grow into a flower.” So she called to the rootlets, and bade them go wherever they chose to get her food; and instead of watching for the foot of the rainbow, she turned her face to the bright sun; and behold! she, too, very soon began to grow yellow like the rest.

And the kind little rootlets—they sent her the very best food they could find; so she slowly grew stronger and larger, and before the frost came, she stood straight and tall beside the fence, with her slender stems filled with pretty yellow blossoms, a very happy little Golden-rod.

## GRANDMA KAOLINE.

I have somebody under my handkerchief to introduce to you. It is a very little, very old lady. I will go around and introduce all the quiet, polite children to her. "Johnny Jones, this is Grandma Kaoline."

You will see that Grandma Kaoline is made of clay. I am going to tell you a strange and wonderful story about Grandma Kaoline.

The clay of which she is made was found down in the ground, in what people call a clay bed, or clay bank; sometimes it is called a clay mine. Grandma Kaoline is so very, very old, that while we talk about the clay, we will let her take a nap under my handkerchief; perhaps she will like that as well as some longer naps she has had in her other bed, under ground.

Thousands of years ago, when the earth was very young—yes, millions of years ago, before little children came to live upon this beautiful earth, even before the earth had grown so beautiful—there was no clay here with which to make pretty things.

If Grandma Kaoline could take you by the hand

and lead you back to that time, the world would look so strange to you, that you would cry to come back to kindergarten. Grandma Kaoline could show you nothing but great rocks and oceans, with a few rivers of water. There were no birds, nor trees, nor flowers anywhere on the whole earth. The Careful Gardener had not made them yet, but He knew He should send some little children to live here some day, and there were many things to be made for them, one of which was this clay. Great rocks were thrown up into the air by earthquakes; they were tossed into the rivers by winds; they were pushed and knocked together until they became smooth as glass; then they were thrown into the air as if a giant were playing ball with them, and their smooth sides broken until rough again.

They were rolled down mountains, and washed in rivers, until they were ground to powder finer than flour.

This fine powder, ground from the granite rocks, was carried by the water into low places in the earth, and then it was laid to rest in cool, dark beds while something else was done by the Gardener who took care of everything.

I cannot tell you all that was done for us before we came; but you shall hear of more wonderful things

than this at another time; now we are only to talk about the powdered stones which lay in the cool, dark, damp beds for thousands of years, becoming clay, at last, instead of stone.

Do you think we could make this hard stone into soft clay?

Was it not kind of the Gardener to do for us what we could not do ourselves?

I have told you a story about Grandma Kaoline, and now Grandma Kaoline may tell you a story about herself. We will play that Grandma Kaoline can talk, and you may listen to her. I think these little children will learn to listen to the stories that the flowers and rocks, the grass and shells, have to tell.

#### GRANDMA KAOLINE'S STORY.

“Once I lay in a bed which was larger than your crib, larger than your mother’s bed, larger than this house; yes, larger than the whole city of Boston.

“My bed was down under the water, and I wondered what would ever be done with it. I wondered a great many years, and all the time I was wondering, the bed was growing larger, until one day it was pushed up out of the water, and lay in the sweet sunshine—to air, I suppose.

"It was lying there, so soft and cool and smooth, when some strange-looking people came along. They were not riding in carriages, for they had not yet learned to make carriages. They were not riding on horses, for they had not yet learned to tame the horses, which were wilder than any untamed horse you ever saw. They were all walking. Their feet were bare, for they had not yet learned to make shoes for themselves. They wore but few clothes, and what they did wear were made of the skins of animals; for they had not yet learned to make cloth.

"They were thirsty, but they had no dishes from which to drink, for they had not yet learned to make dishes. So they dipped their hands in the pools, and drank from the little cup which we can all make in the palms of our hands.

"A very pretty woman with a very pretty baby made a cup for the baby from a large leaf. While she was getting the leaf, she left the baby standing on the cool bed of clay; and when she came back to take him up, there were the prints of his two pretty feet, with each little toe as perfect as could be. The woman looked at the little cups made by the pretty baby feet; then she kissed the dimpled feet, tossed the baby over her shoulder, and went with the other people, who wandered around the country, not knowing how to

do much of anything, but learning a little every day.

“After a long time these same people came back to the same place where the baby had stood in the clay bed, and what do you suppose the baby’s mother saw? The two little cups made by baby feet had become quite firm and hard in the sunshine; and baby’s father and mother both shouted, ‘Look! look! Why can we not make dishes from this stuff?’ The people ran like children, filled their hands with the soft clay, and made deep dishes, like vases, in which they could keep their seeds and grain; for they soon learned that water would make their new dishes crumble in pieces. After a long, long time somebody threw an old vase into the fire; the fires, you must know, were built upon the ground, for the people had not yet learned to make stoves, nor had they learned how to make matches. It was, therefore, so hard to kindle a fire when it went out, that they took great pains to keep one burning as long as they stayed in a place; and it was in one of these fires which burned many days, that the old vase was thrown. You will see that the vase must have been well baked before the people went away to learn something else in their wanderings; but not knowing that a baked vase was any better than an unbaked one, they left it in the ashes.

“After a very long time they came again to this

place, having learned how to take better care of their babies, and to make better things for their own dinners. Somebody picked up the vase from the ashes,



and found it was very hard and smooth. They poured some water in it, and the water did not make it crumble; then they knew they could make dishes by baking the clay in a very hot fire, and they danced

and shouted for joy, that dishes could be made to hold milk and water.

“They built great fires, and made more dishes than they could use; they amused themselves by making pictures on the unbaked dishes with sharp sticks. These pictures would remain, of course. Sometimes we find one of those old dishes now. After many hundred years they learned to make china cups and saucers. They learned many other useful things; so that now we, who are their great-great-great-great-great-great-grandchildren, live in good houses, have good clothes and good food, and are still learning how to use the things which the Careful Gardener has placed here for us.”



## THE LILAC BUDS.

Little Fredrika's home was a pleasant stone house on Drexel Boulevard in the great city of Chicago. There were many handsome bushes and flowers growing all along the boulevard, and although Fredrika liked them all, her favorite was a fine old lilac that grew just opposite her home.

There was a rustic bench beside it, where she spent a good many hours in pleasant summer weather, sometimes playing "mother" or "school" with the other little girls of the neighborhood, and sometimes sitting quietly with her dolly, watching the fine carriages and prancing horses as they dashed past. She was there so much that people grew quite used to seeing the little girl in her big straw hat, curled up on the rustic bench, with her dolly in her lap, and a sharp-eyed Scotch terrier beside her; for "Gypsy," her brother's pet, was as fond of the old lilac as Fredrika herself.

She was so well acquainted with the old lilac and had looked at it so often, that she could tell all about it; just when the lovely blossoms came, how long they

lasted, when the leaves fell, and where the buds appeared.

Just now, in the month of March, she was watching the buds that the old bush had held all winter, for she knew that when the air and sun were warm and bright they would begin to grow; and that, Fredrika thinks, is one of the most curious things in the world.

One afternoon on her way home from school, she stopped to look the lilac bush over, and see if any of the buds were swelling. "Dear me," she said to herself, "it doesn't seem as if leaves and flowers could be curled up in such tiny buds; I wonder if they're comfortable in those little winter cradles. And how do they know when to begin growing, and whether to grow into leaves, stems, or blossoms?"

All at once, as she stood there, she heard the oddest little laugh—not much louder than the buzzing of a fly or the singing of a mosquito. "Why, what was that?" said Fredrika; and then she heard it again. It seemed to come from one of the branches of the lilac, that was close beside her.

Fredrika turned, and looking closely where the sound came from, she saw a comical little man, about as long as your forefinger, sitting on the lilac bough, and looking at her with the drollest eyes you ever saw.



"NOW," SHE SAID TO HERSELF, "I MUST LISTEN AS  
HARD AS I CAN."

His head looked like a hickory nut, with the sharp  
end for a nose, and on it was an acorn cup for a cap;  
his suit was made of birch bark and Fredrika could

see that the buttons were the pretty gray pussies from the pussy-willows; his hair was long, and seemed to be nothing but the soft silk from the corn; and his shoes were snail shells—though how he could get about so fast in them, Fredrika couldn't imagine.

This queer little fellow turned a couple of somersaults, looked at the little girl with his sharp black eyes, and laughed again. "I declare," said Fredrika, "you look just like the Brownies in my St. Nicholas. You are one, aren't you?"

"No," said the little man; "I'm a cousin of the Brownies. I'm a Boggle-de-boo. This is my lilac bush. I live here all the year 'round with my family. Lily cups and roses do very well for fairies, but I want more room. I like to live where I can climb," and at that, away he darted to the farthest end of the bough, where he hung by his heels; and before Fredrika got used to seeing him with his head down, over he went in another somersault, and alighted just at her elbow.

"Little girl," he said, "would you like to hear the lilac buds talk? Then come here to-night, just as the moon rises, and you shall. Good-bye;" and before Fredrika could say a word he was gone.

When she told them of the Boggle-de-boo at the dinner-table that night, her mother said, "Oh, Fredrika, what a strange child you are! What does put

such fancies into your head?" But her father only laughed and said, "They won't hurt her," and patted her cheek and said, "Get nurse to take you out when the moon rises, and then tell papa what you hear." You see, he thought Fredrika imagined it all, and was curious to see what she would say.

Fredrika kept watch, and just as soon as the moon, which was large and round now, came up out of the lake, she ran for nurse, and out they went to the rustic seat under the old lilac.

Nurse soon strolled off to talk with a friend, and Fredrika was left alone.

"Now," she said to herself, "I must listen just as hard as ever I can." At first she heard only a faint sound like the rustling of wind among the branches; but in a moment, sure enough, there were voices, talking all at once, and so fast that Fredrika couldn't catch a word. By and by, however, she began to know what it was all about; and what do you think the buds were so excited over?

Why, the lilac had just said, "Little Buds, I want you to open those brown scales and unfold your leaves and stems." Now one would think that that was just what they'd like; but oh, dear! the buds were just like so many children—some lazy, some sleepy, and some afraid—and they all spoke out at once. "Oh, no!"

said the lazy and sleepy ones; "no, no; it can't be time yet. We haven't had our sleep out. It's so comfortable here! It's such a bother to begin growing."

And the timid ones said, "We're afraid, Lilac. There was a very cold wind from the lake to-day. What if we should have our tender little stems frozen! And the moon looks as if we were going to have snow."

So they went on talking loudly and fast, complaining so much that the old lilac finally grew impatient, and gave them such a good shaking that the whole place was in quite a flutter, and the Boggle-de-boo laughed so hard he came very near falling off his branch.

"Now," said the lilac, "don't let me hear any more of this nonsense. In the morning you shall all go to work." She had never scolded them before, and the buds were so frightened they kept still after that.

Just over Fredrika's head was a bough that had one of the finest buds of all, and the little girl had noticed that when all the rest were talking so loudly this little bud was singing all to itself. Of course she couldn't hear the song very well until the place was quiet, but now she heard it plainly. Just think of it! One dear little thing paying no attention to its naughty brothers and sisters, but singing softly over and over again:

"The sunshine is bright and the air is mild, so it's time to begin to grow."

It was beautiful, the little voice singing away there in the moonlight.

Then the Boggle-de-boo spoke again: "Little Fredrika, this is the only good bud on this whole bush; and it shall go with you and unfold its slender stem and dainty little leaves in your schoolroom. It deserves to live with little boys and girls; so take this branch and run home. Good night," and Fredrika was alone with the old lilac, curled up on the rustic bench in the moonlight.

Just then nurse came back, and Fredrika quickly broke off her bough and hurried home.

Papa said, "Well, little daughter, and what did the Boggle-de-boo say this time?"

Of course Fredrika climbed up on his lap and told her story, and of course they all laughed and said again that she was a strange child. Indeed, they wouldn't for a moment believe that she had really seen and heard anything.

The next morning she took the lilac bough to school, where it was put into a bottle of water, and the little bud was so pleased with the idea of being in a schoolroom that it soon unfolded a slender stem and pairs of dear little leaves.

When Fredrika told the children about the Boggle-de-boo and his bush, they agreed to watch the lazy and complaining buds; and if you want to know whether or not they are growing, you must ask the children who are watching.



# Smart Little Bud.



1. A smart - lit - tle bud. on a li lac twig,  
2. So it sent up a slen der and grace - ful stem,



Whis - pered soft and low: "The sun-shine is bright and the  
Dainty as 'e'er was seen, And pairs of dear lit - tle



air is mild, So it's time to be - gin to grow."  
ten - der leaves All dress'd in the pal - est green.

## CHORUS.



Yes, yes, yes, Time to be - gin to  
Yes, yes, yes, Dress'd in the pal est



grow; The sun shine is bright and the  
green; And pairs of dear lit tle



air is mild, So it's time to be - gin to grow.  
ten - der leaves All dressed in the pal est green.

## OLD SOL'S RAINBOW.

Old Sol lives up in the sky. He is large and round, and so bright you cannot look at him in the middle of the day. This earth of ours would find it hard work to get along without old Sol. He gives her light and heat.

Old Sol is very fond of children, and makes beautiful things for them to see. He paints the clouds at sunset the most wonderful colors: pale pink, deep rose, bright orange, fading away into faintest yellow, until the whole western sky is aglow. Then again, he makes the icicles, the frost, and the snowflake sparkle like diamonds; and—oh, yes! he gives the petals of the flowers their beauty.

One day last summer, old Sol looked at the earth and said, "There's a poor little boy down there who walks with crutches. He comes to the window every day to see me. I'm sorry for him; think I'll make him a rainbow. He'll like that, I know." Then he called to a cloud in the west. "Ho there, Cloud! have you any raindrops to-day?"

"Plenty of them," answered the cloud. "Why do you ask?"

"I want to make a rainbow. Will they help me?"

The raindrops clapped their hands, and capered about in their joy at being asked.

"But do they know how to help?" said old Sol.



"Yes, yes, yes!" called the raindrops, before the cloud could speak.

"Oh, you do, do you? Now then, do as I bid you," said he, "and we'll have a rainbow worth seeing; and that's the truth. Go!"

Down fell the raindrops, old Sol flashing his brightest beams through them. Before they could think twice, the sunbeams found themselves tossed about in the raindrops, pulled to pieces, and thrown to the earth. In an instant a beautiful rainbow flashed across the sky.

The lame boy leaned upon his crutches and watched until the drops stopped falling and the lovely colors faded.

Down in an alley there lay a glass prism, which had once hung from a large gas fixture in a beautiful house.

"What can these raindrops be making such a fuss about?" said the prism, as the drops came splashing about it. Then it lay quite still and listened. "Been making a rainbow, have they?" thought the prism. "Pooh, that's nothing! I could do it myself, if only I had a chance." Just then he was struck by the toe of Johnny's boot. Johnny looked at the prism a moment, then picked it up, and put it into his pocket.

The next day he was playing in the barn, when he saw a small knot hole in one of the boards. Through this knot hole old Sol was peeping, and Johnny held his prism over it.

"Now is my time!" said the prism; "I'll try my hand at making a rainbow." Wonderful! Up came

the sunbeams; they crept into the prism on one side, looking white, and crept out of it on the other side, spread out like a fan that was painted with the colors of the rainbow! Johnny looked across the barn, and there they were.

“That’s very strange,” thought he, and he turned the prism round and round. “Now I wonder what does that?”

And Johnny hasn’t found out yet.

## THE PINE TREE WHO HAD HER WISH.

“Oh me!” said a little Pine, “I don’t like these leaves of mine. Other trees have broad green leaves, and in the fall they put on such rich colors of crimson, orange and yellow. If Mother Nature had given me my choice I would have chosen leaves that would shine in the sunlight and dazzle the eyes of every passer-by.”

When the night came on and the sun had sunk behind the western hills the Pine tree went to sleep. And, while it slept, real golden leaves began to bud upon its branches. That was just what it had wished for.

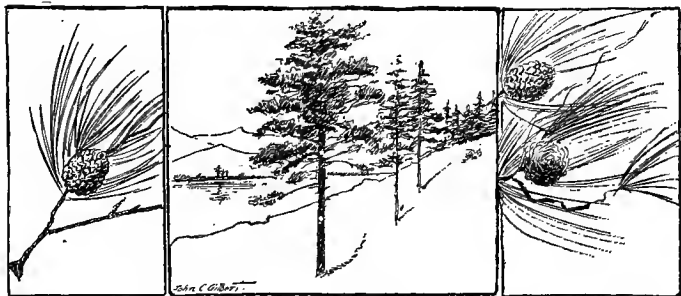
At break of day the leaf-buds opened and all the trees looked in wonder at the golden beauty of the little Pine tree. How pleased it was! All day long it shook the golden leaves and laughed merrily to see them glisten.

But at night—poor little tree—the North Wind came, caught the little leaves and carried them every one away.

The little Pine's joy was turned to sorrow. It hung its head and again went to sleep.

"Oh, if I had only wished for leaves of glass instead of shining gold!" were the last words the little tree whispered as she fell asleep.

And while she slept another wonderful thing happened. Leaves of crystal glass—just such as she had wished for—grew and covered the poor little branches.



And in the morning when the sun shone upon them they sparkled and danced, sending out all the lovely colors of the rainbow.

"Oh, this is a thousand times more beautiful!" laughed the Pine tree. And again she sang for joy.

But when night came a dreadful hail-storm came down upon the grove. It was so fierce that the strong old trees bowed beneath it; and the little

Pine's leaves of crystal glass were broken into a thousand pieces.

"Oh dear, oh dear," sobbed the little tree. "I see now it was very foolish in me to wish to change my leaves. Now if only I had leaves like the other trees I should be content. Just simple green leaves. I do not even care for the silver linings that the poplars have."

Again the little tree slept. Again a wonderful change came upon the leaves.

The broken pieces of crystal glass faded away, and in their place burst out a host of fresh green leaves, very small and pale, but very beautiful in the morning sun.

When the little Pine awoke and saw what had happened she gave a glad little cry.

"Oh!" she cried. "These are much lovelier than leaves of gold or crystal."

But her lesson was not yet learned. During the morning a little colt came frisking along. "Oh," said the little colt, "what a dainty breakfast these leaves will make. How sweet and fresh they are." And he stripped every branch of its beauty.

Then the little Pine burst into tears. She rocked herself to and fro in her grief.

"Oh how I wish I had my own needles back again,"



she cried. "At least they made me no trouble. They were green and smooth; and sometimes in the sunlight, and with the dew upon them, they were even beautiful. Mother Nature knew what was best for me after all and I have been a foolish, foolish tree."

The little Pine cried itself to sleep that night; but good Mother Nature came and leaned over her and kissed her.

In the morning, strange to say, when the little Pine awoke, there were her own dear needles safe and sound. Tears of joy sprang up in the little Pine's heart. She gave a sigh of rest and contentment. Perhaps if you and I had been there we should have thought it the wind among the needles. And the tears?—very likely we should have called them dew-drops sparkling among the leaves.

## THE LITTLE MAPLE LEAVES.

Once there was an old maple tree that was so covered with beautiful leaves you could scarcely see the branches.

The old tree was very kind to the little leaves, and fed them with such good sap which she got from the earth all around, that they grew very large and strong, and of a most beautiful green, dark above and lighter below.

Then she gave them dainty little twigs and slender boughs to swing from, and the little leaves were so happy that all through the bright spring and summer time they danced and fluttered about so much that the air was almost always filled with their soft rustle.

Now they were good little leaves, and wanted to do something for the old tree in return for the food she gave them, so they caught a part of the pure, sweet air and gave her that; for you know even a large tree cannot live without air, any more than you or I can.

Well, they lived on through the long summer days, keeping bright and green, because they bathed in the

morning dews and soft summer showers, and fluttered about in the sunshine so much.

Sometimes they had company. Now and then a katydid would come and sing for them a whole night long; then a woodpecker, with his sharp eyes and strong bill, would hop all over the old tree until he found a troublesome worm, and when he did, I can tell you, the worm had to leave in a twinkling; and sometimes a plummy-tailed squirrel would dart about the branches with a nut in his paws. So the little leaves were never lonesome with the birds, bugs, insects, and squirrels all around them.

Autumn came.

Then the little leaves found it hard to stay upon the tree.

"Something is the matter!" cried one. "I am getting loose."

"So am I!" cried another. "I can hardly hold on to my twig."

"There is a little round thing crowding me off!" cried the third.

The old tree heard them.

"The little round things are my buds," she said. "They must have your places, and you little leaves must go out into the world and find a resting place for the winter."

They loved her very much, but were glad of a chance to see the great world about which they had often heard. The tree helped them change their dresses and get ready to leave. Some of them chose bright yellow for their suits, some chose crimson, some liked the yellow and crimson together, and others said, "My summer dress was so pretty that I mean to keep part of it," and their dresses were made of the crimson and gold, with here and there a little spot of the old green.

At last they were all dressed, and I wish you could have seen the old tree then, such a mass of gay colors! Orange, crimson, green and yellow, flashing about in the sunshine, making the old maple look just like a wonderful bouquet.

I am afraid she grew a little vain, hearing so much about her beauty, for when anyone went along the road at the foot of the hill, he would be sure to say, "Oh, do see that tree!" "Isn't it lovely!" or "What a beautiful tree!" and very often one would stop to gather a few of the lovely leaves and carry them home to make a little bit of summer when the snow and frost came.

The little leaves were so pleased with their own beauty that they never rested a moment, but were always peeping at each other, whispering to the tree,

and even singing soft little songs that I think the fairies must have taught them on the moonlight nights of that beautiful summer.

Then, one fine morning, they heard a rustling sound, and along came the wind.

The little round buds had made the leaves so loose that it was easy to snatch them up, and away they went, hardly stopping to say "Good-bye" to the old tree.

What a wonderful time they had! dancing about, up and down, here and there, through the cool air, sometimes all together, sometimes in twos and threes, and again each leaf sailing off on a little trip of its own.

The wind enjoyed the fun, too, for he played with them all day, and blew so hard that late in the afternoon they were quite a long way from the old maple tree. Then he said, "Look at the sun, little Leaves; he will soon leave you in the dark. And now you must find a place to rest in, for I, too, am going away."

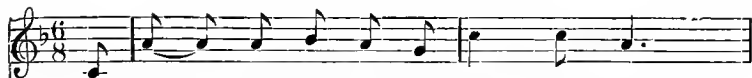
They looked at the sun, and there he was, like a great ball of fire, sinking into a bed of rosy clouds.

Then the little leaves hunted about for beds, and soon they were dropping, dropping, dropping down through the fading light until they were all on the

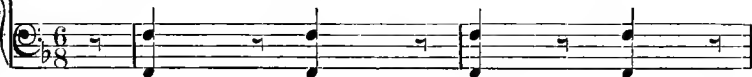
ground—some in heaps beside the wall, others in the fence corners, and still others hiding under the bushes in an old garden by the roadside.

The sun sank slowly out of sight, the wind stole quietly away, and the darkness came softly up, covered the little leaves and left them alone with the night.

# The Maple Leaves.



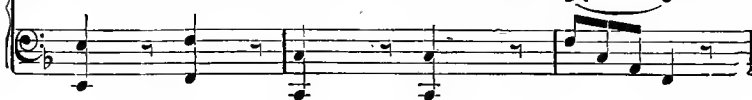
1. The lit - tle leaves on the ma ple tree,
2. But when the breeze to a strong wind grew,
3. Wea-ry with play - ing when day is done,



Flut - t'ring, flut - t'ring, flut - t'ring; Flut-t'ring a - way in a -  
 Danc - ing, danc - ing, danc - ing, Far from the tree they  
 Drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping, Go - ing to sleep in the



mer - ry breeze; Flut-t'ring, flut - t'ring, flut - t'ring,  
 danc - ing flew, Danc - ing, danc - ing danc - ing,  
 set - ting sun, Drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping,



# The Maple Leaves—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Tra la la la la la la;

Flut - t'ring, flut - t'ring, flut - t'ring, Tra la la la la  
 Danc - ing, danc - ing, danc ing, Tra la la la la  
 Drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping, Tra la la la la

la la la, Flut - t'ring, flut - t'ring, flut - t'ring.  
 la la la, Danc - ing, danc - ing, danc - ing.  
 la la la, Drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping.



## A LIVING PLOUGH.

It is blind, it is deaf, it is dumb; it lives in the cold dark earth under our feet, where we walk over it and sometimes step on it, and yet—let me tell you a secret—it knows how to do one thing much better than you or I could do it, or any man in the world. It knows how to plough the ground so that all the green things—trees and flowers and grass—can



grow. Even the things that man himself plants need the help of this plough.

But most of us do not know enough to be grateful to it, hardly ever thinking of it at all, except, perhaps, as food for robins or bait for fishes. Now you have guessed what this wonderful plough is. Yes, nothing but an earth-worm. But you will not scorn

it, I am sure, for you are not so foolish as to think a thing cannot be of interest if it is common; and you know that every creature is useful, even if you do not know just how.

Now, you must be wondering what a little worm can do to help the golden-rod and the chestnut tree to grow. First, I must tell you that it doesn't care anything about them, but is just going quietly about its own business, which is to get a living.

Its way of doing this is what makes it so useful to growing things. First, our worm needs a home—a place to hide in all day and to carry its food to all night. For this it likes nothing as well as a hole in the ground. So as soon as the baby worm is hatched from the egg it begins to make its burrow. If the earth is loose it can easily stretch to a point the end where the mouth is and thus push in between the particles. But suppose the earth is closely packed? The poor worm has no tools, nor even hands and feet. It has only a mouth. So its mouth it must use, and it begins to eat the dirt! Yes, it makes a hole by swallowing every bit of the earth it wants to get rid of.

But very soon its little body is full. So it comes up to the mouth of its burrow and there empties out the earth in a neat little round pile. You can see these

worm castings almost any morning when it is not very dry or very cold. Then the worm goes down again and eats its hole a little deeper, keeping on until it is perhaps as much as six or seven feet long. At the bottom it is hollowed out large enough for its owner to coil up in cold or dry weather. But above it is just big enough to fit the worm's body, so that it can draw itself up and down by means of the little hooks along its sides.

At the top of the burrow it packs in a nice lining of dead leaves, which we suppose is to keep it from feeling the cold earth when it rests near its front door in the day-time. For the wise little worm will come out only at night, when robins have gone to bed. Then it will crawl about in search of dead leaves, which it drags into its burrow to eat. But even if it finds no dead leaves, it need not go hungry, for it can live on dirt alone. There are in the dirt tiny seeds and spores, which ferns and such plants bear instead of seeds, as well as insects, and these the worm can eat.

But, you say, what good is all this? A worm makes a hole and eats some dead leaves, but how does that plough the ground? Ploughing the ground is turning it over and loosening it up so that light and air and sunshine and rain can get into it. Does not the worm do this when it brings up dirt to the

surface from six or seven feet down? It is true, one worm can do very little; so one honey-bee is a very small creature; and one blade of grass does not amount to much. But by eating a great number of blades of grass, a big cow can live; and if ever so many bees crowded together on one man they could sting him to death; and so by all working at the same thing, millions and millions of worms can do a great deal.

The millions and millions of holes these worms make let light and rain and air into the earth. And if a fresh pile of castings is left every morning beside each door, after a while there will be a thin layer of them all over everywhere. And as they keep on working, this layer grows and grows until it is four or five inches thick. This is called vegetable mould, and it can be found in every country that is not too dry. You can see for yourself by digging down into some pasture or in the woods where you are sure the soil has not been stirred up for years. At one side of the hole you will find a layer of soil which is finer, darker and richer.

Every bit of this vegetable mould has been through the bodies of worms, and that is what has made it so different from the rest. It is finer because it has been ground up by the little stones in the worm's gizzard.

It is darker because it is richer, and it is richer because it has been mixed with digestive juices and bits of dead leaves in the worm's body. The most wonderful plough in the world, the worm has been called, for it not only does all that the ploughs we make can do, but more, for it manages the soil as well!

So when a seed drops from the mother plant it finds everything made ready for it by its best friend, the worm. It may fall into a worm-hole, or be covered up by castings, and so lie protected until sprouting time comes. Then when the first root pushes out it has to thank the worm that the earth is in fine particles so that it can easily make a way among them. And when its tiny root hairs begin to suck up food, it is the worm again that has put there just what they need to send up through the stem for the plant to make leaves, flowers and fruit.

Did you ever stop to think what this world of ours would be without trees and flowers and grass? Suppose the worms had not made any vegetable mould,—the seeds couldn't sprout, the grass couldn't grow, the cows would have nothing to eat, and then what should we live on? So, small and weak as they are, we could hardly live without them.—Mary Mann Miller, in Primary Ed.

## THE GREEN WORM.

One afternoon a little green worm went crawling past a bed of marigolds. When the marigolds saw him, they bent their bright orange and gold heads, and said, one to another, "Here comes an ugly worm. Let's see what he has to say." So they cried, "Good afternoon, old Worm! and what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to climb that tree," answered the worm.

Then all the marigolds laughed. "The stupid thing!" they whispered, "he thinks he can climb a tree! What a joke!"

"Well, but, Worm," said they, "why do you want to climb a tree?"

"To make a warm little house to sleep in all winter," said the worm; and on he crawled.

This was more of a joke than the other; and the marigolds laughed so hard, they fell over against each other.

"Make your house here in the grass," they said to the worm. "We want to see you do it."

"Ah, no," said he; "a blade of grass couldn't hold

my house; and the children might crush it in their play, or the gardener run the lawn mower over it," and away he went again, toward the tree, and began to climb the trunk.



“He’ll fall in a moment,” said one of the marigolds.  
“He won’t get half way up,” said another; but they were mistaken.

Up, up, up, slowly and carefully he crept, looking about for a good place for his house.

The tree was well acquainted with all the worms, and kept a great many twigs just for them to build on.

When she saw the green worm she said, "I'm glad to see you, Worm. Here's a twig I have been keeping for you."

The worm found it, and stopped a moment to rest. "I never built a house," he said to himself, "but I know I can. Let me see; if I make it round, I'll have to lie curled up inside. No, the shape of my body will be better, and I'll fasten it well to the tree." He then began spinning small whitish threads, and throwing them about in a most wonderful way.

They caught here and there on the little twigs, and as the busy worm moved his head from side to side, the beautiful threads fell all over his body, until at last it was hidden away in the snugest little house you ever saw; and best of all, the house was tightly fastened to the old tree.

In the morning the marigolds looked for the worm, but could see nothing but a queer-looking, brownish lump on the tree.

"I declare," said one of the orange marigolds, "that worm knew more than we thought he did. He really



has made a house, and is asleep inside, I suppose. I wonder what he made it of."

"Silk from the corn, I guess," said one. "It looks like it."

"More like cobweb," said another.

"I think," said a third, "that the worm chewed up bits of paper for it."

"All wrong!" called the tree. "You laughed at the worm because he was so ugly; but he was wiser than you all."

To this day, the marigolds wonder of what the worm made his house. Could you tell them?

## MORE ABOUT THE GREEN WORM.

Little Green Worm, wrapped in his pretty white blanket, slept and dreamed through all the cold winter days, and long, dark winter nights.

Old blustering North Wind saw him and said, "Now I'll have some fun with that fellow. I'll shake little Green Worm out of his cozy house." So he laughed and laughed. He really roared, he was so merry, and he shook the tree and tossed the tiny house about, but it did not frighten little Green Worm. It did not loosen the threads of silk that were fastened so carefully to the twig.

Then a dismal fellow, named Cold Rain came out of a dark cloud, and brought his daughters, Sleet and Hail, with him. They beat on the little house with their fingers, and tried to pull it open or pick it to pieces; but it was very strong, and they could not hurt it.

One night, when the wind and the rain were sleeping, and the stars shone very brightly in the sky, Giant Great Cold came from his home near the North Pole. He drove strong white horses, that came very swiftly. Now poor little Green Worm will surely die!

Nothing can resist Giant Great Cold. The flowers wither and die, the leaves curl up, the brook grows still, and the birds fly away when they hear him coming. But little Green Worm is safe and happy in his tiny house, while the wind, the rain, and the cold are ruling the world. He had one friend, Miss White Snow, who spread a downy cover all over him, and promised to keep him safely while she stayed. At last the sun grew warm, and White Snow flew before it; the gentle South Wind sang all day, and the birds and blossoms called to little Green Worm that it was time to wake up. So he slowly opened one eye, and then the other, and stirred very gently. The apple blossoms sent him a sweet message: "It's May, Green Worm, wake up." The violets whispered, "It's May." The birds whistled, "Lazy fellow, wake up; wake up."

Green Worm could sleep no longer, so he opened the door and came out of his house. Something very strange had happened. He did not feel like himself. He first noticed that instead of five pairs of short legs, he had long slender ones—three on each side. These were jointed, and could be folded up or stretched out, as he pleased. After trying them all, one at a time, he stood upright and looked about him. How sweet everything was that lovely May morning! Something whispered to him, "You have wings. You can fly."

Sure enough! Closely folded were four wonderful wings, two on each side. They were covered with tiny, feather-like hairs, or scales, of the most brilliant colors, blue and gold and gray, with spots of crimson. They could be spread out in the warm sunshine or folded together. Oh, how happy was Green Worm! He fluttered down into the garden, lighting on one flower after another. They all nodded to him, and said, "Good morning," and seemed glad to see him.

He wondered why he was not hungry; for he remembered that he used to be always hungry. Then he noticed that his strong jaws, that could bite so well and so fast, had disappeared, and a long, thread-like tube, prettily coiled, had taken their place. On each side of this were beautiful waving feathers, which seemed to show Green Worm where to go and what to do. A pan of water stood in the garden, from which the birds had been drinking, and he lighted on the edge and used it for a mirror, for he wanted to see how he looked. There he saw his beautiful wings, his feathered antennæ, his tube-like mouth, his slender legs, his bright eyes, and exclaimed, "Why, I'm not green, and I'm not a worm! What am I?" Just then two children ran by, and one cried, "Oh, do see that lovely butterfly!" "No," said the other, "that's a moth; isn't he a beauty, though?" They tried to

catch him, but Mr. Moth, as we must now call him, flew into the apple tree, and sucked a very little dew and honey from the pink blossoms. "Oh," he cried, "this is grand! Why, what a miserable fellow I used to be, crawling on the ground and eating such coarse food! I shudder now to think of it. How Gay Marigold laughed at me when I tried to climb the tree! Where is he? I must find him, and tell him it is my turn now to laugh."

But Gay Marigold could not be found; he had died when Giant Great Cold drove past, and his children were just beginning to look out of their winter houses.

Day after day Mr. Moth fluttered about, admiring himself in every mirror he could find, and wondering what power had changed him in the little house that hung on the twig of a tree. Everybody and everything liked him now. When he was Green Worm the children were afraid of him or tried to kill him; now they said, "Come and see us, Pretty Moth; we won't hurt you."

Though he was so happy, Mr. Moth grew very tired and weak. He no longer cared for honey or for dew. Something whispered to him, "Your work is done; now it is time to go." So one day Mr. Moth ceased to breathe, and the children found him lying in the bed of violets, and brought him in for their cabinet.

## THE STORY OF TAD AND POLLY.

Little Polly Wog and her cousin Tad Pole were playing merrily in the water one pleasant May morning. Polly had on a nice brown dress that the water did not hurt, with lovely fringe and lace about the neck. She had just finished her breakfast of lily leaves and water grass. Her eyes were bright and her heart gay, and she thought the world was a very big and happy place.

Tad was not so active as usual. He soon tired of playing with Polly, and seemed to want to rest.

"What is the matter with you, Cousin Tad Pole?" said Polly.

"I don't know," sighed Tad.

"How funny you do look! Your cheeks are so fat, you don't look like yourself. Come and play with me."

"I'm so tired." murmured Tad, "I think I will go to sleep."

At that moment old Mr. Perch came rushing up, expecting to make a fine breakfast of them both. Polly darted into the water, to the very bottom of the

pond, and hid. When she came again to the surface, Tad was nowhere to be seen; she thought that Mr. Perch had eaten him, and was very quiet and sad for several days.

Then Miss Polly began to feel very queer, and all the world seemed changed. She no longer cared for lily leaves and water grasses, but snapped at the beetles and flies that came near her. The fringe about her throat had gone, she could not tell where. She could no longer breathe under the water. Her very form was changing. She heard strange voices everywhere. The rushes whispered to her, and the sedges sighed, and the water lilies sang:

“Polly—wig—wog,  
Polly—wog—frog,  
Pretty Polly Frog—  
Frog, Frog, Frog.”

And then Polly would sing softly to herself, “Pretty Polly Wog—Frog, Wog, Frog.”

One day she went to sleep in a cozy little nook near the edge of the water, and when she awoke and rubbed her eyes, she was very much surprised. She had queer little feet, and long slender legs. She found that she could jump in a wonderful way, and that flies and bugs were very nice for breakfast. Her dress, too, had changed. It was light green, with a

brown jacket and cap that Polly liked very much. She then saw a fine young frog coming toward her, who made a low bow and said in a deep bass voice,

“Good morning, Miss Cousin Polly Wog.”

“Oh, oh!” cried Polly, “I do believe you are my cousin Tad Pole. I thought Mr. Perch had eaten you.”

“No, indeed,” said he; “I am having a grand time, and my name is no longer Tad Pole; it is Mr. Bull Frog.”

“And I am known as Miss Frog,” said Polly.

“Very nice,” growled Tad. “Now if you will come with me, I will take you to the frog concert. I sing bass, as you may imagine, and have a very sweet voice.”

“You vain fellow!” said Polly. “I can sing too. Let us go.”

And they danced away together, two happy frogs.



## DOROTHY'S EXPERIMENT.

Dorothy had three seeds: a lima bean, a pea, and a kernel of corn.

Before her on the table were three glasses,—two filled with rich black earth and one with fine sand.

Dorothy took the seeds from the water where they had been soaking, and put them into the glasses, shoving them about half way down and next the glass, where they could see all that went on outside.

The kernel of corn and the lima bean had the rich black earth to rest in, while the little round pea curled up in the sand.

“Now, then,” said Dorothy, who liked to use large words, “I am going to try an ex-per-i-ment; they say that seeds need sunshine, earth, and water to make them grow. I’ll find out if it’s true.”

Thereupon she put the glass with the kernel of corn into a closet and closed the door; the other two she placed on the window-sill.

The seeds were asleep when Dorothy planted them, but before long Dame Nature whispered that it was time to grow, and the life in each awoke.

“Ah!” said the kernel of corn, “it’s a pity that child put me into this dark place; I can’t grow very well without sunshine, but it will never do to give up. My brothers and I feed too many people and animals for that. I shall have water to drink and plenty of food, for after I use all of my own I can get more from this



rich earth.” And it bravely went to work that minute on a stem and root.

The trouble with the corn was, that it could see a bit of light through a crack in the door, and although it tried hard not to think about the sunshine, it could not help reaching toward that bit of light all the time. This made its stem long and thin, and pining for the

sunshine made it so pale that kind little Dorothy felt sorry for it.

"Something tells me to grow," said the pea. "To be sure there's no earth here, but I can feed my own stem and root for quite a while; there's no time to lose; indeed I must begin at once," which it did.

"Was ever a seed so lucky as I?" said the lima bean; "a glass house, very warm and light, plenty of food and drink,—surely it would be wrong for me to lie here idle."

Just then Dorothy came with water and the bean drank so much that its skin cracked.

"Good," said a dainty stem that was curled up inside, "now I can get out;" and it stretched its head up to the crack; but it was too short to even look out.

"It won't be long before I can, though," said the stem to itself, and it told the truth, for it grew so fast that Dorothy told her mother it was as-ton-ish-ing.

There was a busy root, too (Dorothy called it the stem's "little brother"), working its way downward at the same time.

It seemed strange, but for a fact, the pea did almost as well without earth as the bean did with it.

"The reason for that," said wise Dorothy, "is that both are feeding on the food packed away under their skins; when that is gone, we'll see a difference."

Dorothy was right, for when the little roots began feeling about for food, the one that belonged to the bean found much more than the other; so of course the bean plant grew faster than the pea vine.

Dorothy watched the little plants for a few weeks, then gave them a new home in a flower bed, in her own garden.

When they were taken from the glasses, the lima bean had a strong stem with a pair of beautiful leaves at the top, and many rootlets. The corn showed leaves, stem, and root so pale and thin that Dorothy feared it would not live in the garden; while the pea had just reached the top of the glass, and was getting ready to unfold its leaves.

## THE WEE-WEE MAN.

The wee-wee man lived in the land of Fancy.

He had a wee-wee house, made of slate pencils with rows of jack-stones along the edges. The chimney was an open-top thimble.

When the house was done he had pencils enough left to make a high fence around it. On top of each post was a rubber ball.

The pencils, the jack-stones, the balls and the thimble had been lost by careless little children.

The wee-wee man found handkerchiefs enough to carpet his whole house, put awnings over the windows and doors, and a flag on the roof.

And so many gloves and mittens did he pick up that he made a soft couch of them for each room.

After the fence was made, the wee-wee man said, "I must have a garden, but where shall I find seed?"

Good Dame Nature heard him. "I'll send you seed," said she; "watch for it," and she began to sing:

"The wee-wee man, the wee-wee man,  
He wants a wee-wee garden;  
Now, who will help the wee-wee man  
To make his wee-wee garden?"

A blue bird was flying past with a seed in her mouth.

She dropped it and flew off for another, singing:

"I will help the wee-wee man  
To make his wee-wee garden."

The brook that rippled past was carrying seed from its old home among the hills.

It heard Dame Nature and tossed the seeds upon the bank, and went on its way, singing:

"Here are seeds for the wee-wee man  
To plant in his wee-wee garden."

A squirrel sprang over the slate-pencil fence.

"Oh!" cried the wee-wee man, "how you made me jump!"

The squirrel laid a nut at his feet and chattered:

"Here's a nut for the wee-wee man  
To plant in his wee-wee garden."

And away went the squirrel.

The wind blew and sighed and whistled, and with each sigh and whistle down came a dainty little thing with silky wings of white.

First a dandelion, then a thistle and then a milkweed seed.

"Dear, dear! What a garden I shall have!" said the wee-wee man.

And the seeds were still coming.

There was a little dog living in the land of Fancy.

He was a very queer little dog, unlike any you have ever seen. He liked to be dragged about all day by a tight rope around his neck. He liked to have a big lazy boy harness him to a cart; he liked to draw the big lazy boy and be whipped by him; he liked to have his ears and tail pulled, and to be tied up and left a whole day without food or drink. Very queer, was he not?

This little dog had shaggy hair. When he heard Dame Nature, and saw what the bird, the squirrel, the brook and the wind were doing, why! he wanted to help. So away he bounded, barking—for he couldn't sing to save his life.

"I'll bring seeds for the wee-wee man  
To plant in his wee-wee garden."

Back he came with his shaggy hair quite full. They were covered with such sharp little points that the wee-wee man hurt his fingers getting them off.

Then the wee-wee man planted the seeds in his wee-wee garden and waited for them to grow.

They slept all winter, and with Dame Nature's help, all except the nut sprouted as soon as spring came, and the wee-wee man had his garden.

He thought it was very fine, but I suppose you would have called it only a tangle of weeds.

## THE TOWEL'S PARTY.

The clouds had given no rain for months.

The tree was very thirsty.

"I am pining for water," it said.

"Cheer up" called the rootlets. "We'll get you some."

And down they went, farther and farther into the earth.

Far below was water.

Said the water, "Let's go and help the tree."

Up, up, up it crept through the earth, until it reached the rootlets.

"I don't know about that story," said Beth, "Water can't go up!"

The room was quiet and warm and Beth was sleepy. Her eyes closed and her head began to nod, when suddenly! What was that? Surely the towel on the back of the chair winked at her! yes, winked.

Beth started and slowly before her face and eyes a fold of the towel changed into a smiling mouth, then out came a nose, then a pair of twinkling eyes.

"What in the world is the matter with that towel?" thought Beth.



The smiling mouth opened and the towel spoke: "You're a strange child," it said. "Can't see how water gets through the earth? I'm going to have a party. You may come to it. Then you'll know."

"You're going to have a party!" repeated Beth. "I never heard of a towel having a party."



"No matter," said the towel, "I'm going to have one. It's a capillary attraction party!"

"A what?" cried Beth.

"A capillary attraction party. Now, be quiet, for I hear some one coming."

Beth listened and a kind of sliding sound reached

her ear. The next moment it slid her mother's best lamp, while behind it rolled and rattled the burner and wick.

"We've come to the capillary attraction party, little girl," said the lamp, and on it slid to the middle of the floor, the burner and wick hurrying after.

Then came a queer little voice from the sugar-bowl on the table and a rattling against the lid. "Let me out, let me out," said the voice. "I want to go to the capillary attraction party."

Beth lifted the lid and out hopped a beautiful lump of sugar.

At the edge of the table it stopped, as if afraid, when up came a saucer, holding a little tea and slyly pushed it off.

"Shall I help you down too?" said Beth to the saucer.

"Oh, yes, if you please, miss."

Beth did so and away went the saucer after the sugar.

"What next, I wonder?" thought Beth. "Oh, you're coming, are you?" she added, as an ink-bottle with large wings of blotting paper came flying in.

Beth was busy watching the ink-bottle when something large and soft struck her head.

Turning she saw a sponge.

"Here I am," said the sponge, cheerfully, "all the way from your schoolroom. Good afternoon, everybody," and the sponge sat down.

All this time a basin of water on the floor was coaxing. "I want to go to the capillary attraction party. Why can't I go? Please let me go!"

"Be still," said the towel. "You're at the party now, you stupid."

"Now, my friends," cried the towel, "Here's a little girl who doesn't see how water gets through the earth. Shall we show her?"

"Yes, indeed," said the oil.

"To be sure," said the water.

"That we will," said the ink.

"Well, then, show her," ordered the towel.

In a twinkling the burner jumped to its place on the lamp; the wick dropped into the oil; the sugar into the saucer; the blotting paper wings into the ink, and the sponge into the water. The towel dipped its fringe into the basin, too.

"See here, little girl," said the oil as it crept up the wick.

"And here, little girl," said the tea as it crept into the sugar.

"Look at me, little girl," said the ink as it crept into the blotting paper.

"Look at me, little girl," said the water as it crept up into the sponge and towel.

"I've seen all that dozens of times," cried Beth. "I don't——"

She was stopped by a hand that gave her a good shake and a voice that said. "Come, come! wake up! Supper's ready." Beth rubbed her eyes and looked around.

Was it all a dream, then?

On the table was the very lamp she had seen at the party.

"Mother," said Beth, "what's capillary attraction?"

"What does the child mean?" said her mother.

"Oh!" cried Tom, "she heard the teacher say that to-day!"

"I didn't," said Beth. "I heard it in my sleep."

"You did," answered impolite Tom.

"I didn't," said Beth.

"You did," said Tom.

It was lucky the milk toast got into their mouths just then and stopped the quarrel.

## FEBRUARY TWELFTH.

It was early in the evening in a shop where flags were sold.

There were large flags, middle-sized flags, small flags and little bits of flags. The finest of all was Old Glory. Old Glory was made of silk and hung in graceful folds from the wall.

"Attention!" called Old Glory.

Starry eyes all over the room looked at him.

"What day of the month is it?"

"February Twelfth," quickly answered the flags.

"Whose birthday is it?" "Abraham Lincoln's."

"Where is he buried?" "Springfield, Illinois."

"Very well," said Old Glory, "you are to take some of Uncle Sam's children there to-night."

"Yes, captain," said the flags, wondering what he meant.

"First, I must know whether you are good American flags. How many red stripes have you?"

"Seven!" was the answer.

"How many white stripes?" "Six!"

"How many stars?" "Forty-five!" shouted the large flags.

The little ones said nothing.

"Ah, I see," said Old Glory, "but you are not to blame. Do you see that open transom?" he went on. "Go through it into the street, put your staffs into the hands of any little boys you find and bring them here."

"Yes, captain," called the flags, as they fluttered away.

Last of all, Old Glory pulled his silken stripes into the hallway and waited for the flags to come back. "It's much too cold for little girls," he said to himself. "Their pretty noses might freeze."

By and by the flags came back, each bringing a small boy. Old Glory looked at them.

"What's the matter?" said he; "you don't seem pleased."

No one spoke, the little boys stared with round eyes at Old Glory, but held tightly to the flags.

At last one of the flags said: "Please, captain, these are the only little boys we could find."

"Well!" said Old Glory. "And we think they don't belong to Uncle Sam," was the answer.

"Why not?" said Old Glory.

"Some of them are ragged," called one flag.

"And some are dirty," said another.

"This one is a colored boy," said another.

"Some of them can't speak English at all."

"The one I found, why, he blacks boots!"

"And mine is a newsboy."

"Mine sleeps in a dry goods box."

"Mine plays a violin on the street corner."

"Just look at mine, captain!" said the last flag proudly, when the rest were through.

"What about him?" asked Old Glory.

"I'm sure he belongs to Uncle Sam; he lives in a brown-stone house and he wears such good clothes!"

"Of course I belong to Uncle Sam," said the brown-stone boy quickly, "but I think these street boys do not."

"There, there!" said Old Glory; "I'll telephone to Washington and find out," and Old Glory floated away.

The little boys watched and waited.

Back came Old Glory.

"It's all right," said he, "Uncle Sam says every one of you belongs to him and he wants you to be brave and honest, for some day he may need you for soldiers; oh, yes! and he said, 'Tell those poor little chaps who have such a hard time of it and no one to help them, that Mr. Lincoln was a poor boy too, and yet he was the grandest and best of all my sons.'"

The moon was just rising.

It made the snow and ice shine.

"It's almost time," said Old Glory softly.

"Hark! you must not wink, nor cough nor sneeze nor move for three-quarters of a minute!"

That was dreadful!

The newsboy swallowed a cough.

The bootblack held his breath for fear of sneezing.

The brown-stone boy shut his eyes so as not to wink.

They all stood as if turned to stone.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, came a faint sound of bells.

Nothing else was heard but the beating of their own hearts.

In exactly three-quarters of a minute, Old Glory said, "What do you think of that?"

Behold! a wonderful fairy sleigh, white as a snow-drift, and shining in the moonlight as if covered with diamond dust.

It was piled high with softest cushions and robes of fur.

It was drawn by thirteen fairy horses, with arching necks and flowing manes and tails.

Each horse wore knots of red, white and blue at his ears and the lines were wound with ribbons of the same.

"Jump in," said Old Glory.



Into the midst of the cushions and furs they sprang.

Crack went the whip, tinkle went the bells. Over the house-tops, through the frosty air, among the moonbeams, up and away sailed fairy horses and sleigh, American flags and Uncle Sam's boys.

Santa Claus with his reindeer never went faster.

Presently the tinkling bells were hushed, and the fairy horses stood very still before the tomb of Abraham Lincoln.

"Come," said Old Glory, and he led them inside.

You must get your father or mother to tell you what they saw there.

Just before they left, a dirty little hand touched Old Glory and a shrill little voice said: "I'd like to leave my flag here. May I?"

"And may I?" said another.

Old Glory looked around and saw the same wish in the other faces.

"You forget," said he, "that the flags are not yours. It would not be right to keep them. What did the people call Mr. Lincoln? You don't know? Well, I'll tell you. It was 'Honest Old Abe,' and Uncle Sam wants you to be like him."

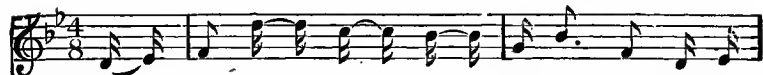
Again the merry bells tinkled, again the proud horses, with their flowing manes and tails, sprang into

the air, and before the moon had said "good night" to the earth, they were back at the flag shop.

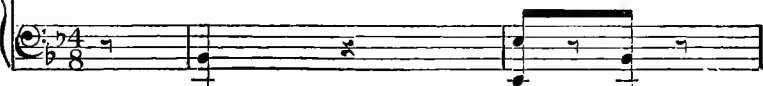
The very moment they reached it, horses and sleigh, cushions and robes, melted away and the children saw them no more.

# Hurrah for the Flag!

M. H. HOWLISTON.



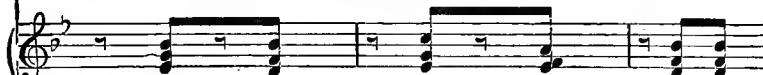
1. There are ma - ny flags in ma - ny lands, There are
2. I know where the pret - ti - est col - ors are, And I'm
3. I would cut a piece from an eve - ning sky, Where the



flags of ev - 'ry hue, But there is no flag how -  
sure if I - ou - ly knew How to get them here I could  
stars were shin - ing through, And use it just as it



ev - er grand Like our own "Red, White and Blue."  
make a flag Of glorious Red, White and Blue.  
was on high, For my stars and field of blue.



# Hurrah for the Flag! Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then hur - rah, for the flag! Our Coun - try's flag, It's

stripes, and white stars too; There is - no flag in

a - ny land, Like our own Red, White and Blue!

4. Then I'd want a part of a fleecy cloud,  
And some red from a rainbow bright,  
And put them together side by side,  
For my stripes of Red and White.
5. We shall always love the stars and stripes,  
And we mean to be ever true  
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,  
The Red, the <sup>White and Blue</sup>

Wave small flags in singing Chorus.

## FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND.

Uncle Sam and the Goddess of Liberty are great friends.

The Goddess of Liberty spends most of her time on top of a very high building in the city of Washington.

Sometimes she comes down and dresses up for a street parade.

Then she wears a dress of red and white stripes with a blue waist covered with stars.

On her head is a liberty cap.

One day the Goddess of Liberty looked down from the high building at Uncle Sam.

He was tipped back in his chair, with his old white hat very far back on his head, and his hands in his pockets. He was laughing.

"Hello, Uncle Sam!" called the Goddess of Liberty, "Now what's the joke?"

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Uncle Sam. "That was a good idea, to be sure."

"What was a good idea?" said the Goddess of Liberty.

“Why, Old Glory taking those little boys of mine to see Mr. Lincoln’s tomb.” And he told her about it.

The Goddess of Liberty thought a while, then she called, “I say, Uncle Sam!”

“Well?”-said Uncle Sam.

“Wasn’t it a pity your little girls lost that trip?”

“Y-e-s,” said Uncle Sam, slowly, stroking his whiskers. “But it couldn’t be helped, you see.”

“Ah!” said the Goddess of Liberty, and she thought a moment longer.

Then she cried again, “I say, Uncle Sam!”

“Well?” said Uncle Sam.

“The twenty-second of February is George Washington’s birthday.”

“Oh, I know that,” said Uncle Sam.

“Why can’t you take a party of little girls to his tomb on that day?”

“The very thing!” said Uncle Sam, slapping his knee. “I’ll begin hunting them up this very day.”

And he did.

Every time he saw a little girl he lifted his old white hat, with the band of stars about it, and said, “My dear, would you like to go with me to Mt. Vernon on the twenty-second of February?”

“Yes, thank you, Uncle Sam,” said all the little girls.

When the morning came such an odd crowd was seen at the boat landing.

Like the little boys, they were all sizes and kinds.

Little girls with beautiful dresses and hats; little girls with dark faces and funny kinky braids; little girls who looked as if they had but half enough to eat; and poor little things whose worn clothes showed they had no kind mothers to care for them.

But when Uncle Sam came with the Goddess of Liberty, he patted a cheek here and there; spoke a kind word or two, and smiled upon all, as if he loved each and every one.

A big steamer came to take them down the river.

The name of the steamer was "Stars and Stripes." The Goddess of Liberty stood up tall and straight in the bow of the boat.

Uncle Sam sat on a camp stool with the little girls crowding about him.

A whistle sounded.

A bell rang.

A great wheel began to go round and round. Then puff, puff, puff away they went down the beautiful river. The band played "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle."

By and by the steamer went slower and the bell tolled.

The boat stopped at a landing and Uncle Sam led the children up a path to a small stone building with rods of iron for a door.

He lifted his hat and said softly.

“Little girls, this is the tomb of George Washington. ‘The Father of his Country.’”

They looked between the iron rods and saw two stone caskets with withered flowers upon them.

One little girl crept up close to Uncle Sam and whispered, “It makes me feel like I was to a funeral, Uncle Sam.”

“Come,” said Uncle Sam. “Now we’ll go to George Washington’s old home.”

They went along the path to a very, very old stone house.

It had a large porch in front.

“It’s too cold to stay here,” said Uncle Sam. “We’ll step into the hall and have lunch.” Inside was a table upon which were piles of great sandwiches almost an inch thick, and glasses of creamy milk. The hungry-looking little girls smiled.

The well-fed little girls looked pleased.

“Ah,” said Uncle Sam, “you’re hungry, aren’t you?”

He gave each child a sandwich and a glass of milk.



Then he helped himself, and the sandwiches disappeared rapidly.

After lunch they went through the curious old rooms—George Washington's bed room, George Washington's library, George Washington's parlor and even his kitchen.

Behind the house was a fine old magnolia tree.

"They tell me," said Uncle Sam, "that Washington himself planted this tree. I think I must give each of you a leaf from it."

"Oh, please do, please do, dear Uncle Sam!" begged the children.

He had just given the leaves when there was a loud whistle from the "Stars and Stripes."

"We must go back," said Uncle Sam.

And back they went.

The Goddess of Liberty smiled when she saw the glossy leaves.

"What are you going to do with them?" she said.

"I'll keep mine as long as I live," said one.

"So will I," said another, "and I—and I—and I——" rang out the little voices.

Uncle Sam looked pleased, "That's right," he said, "I love everything about Mt. Vernon and mean to see that harm never comes to it."

Just as the steamer started, Daisy slipped her band

into Uncle Sam's and said: "Uncle Sam, I know what the people used to say about George Washington."

"Do you, my child?" said Uncle Sam. "What was it?"

And as the "Stars and Stripes" moved slowly away from beautiful Mount Vernon, Daisy said softly: "George Washington, First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of His Countrymen."

## MAY THIRTIETH.

The American Eagle spread his great wings and sailed away from the city of Washington. His eyes were very bright and his feathers were very smooth.

Around his neck was a tiny golden band. On the band was the motto, "In God we trust!"

"Where now?" called the Goddess of Liberty as he wheeled past.

"Going to find Dame Nature!" said the eagle. He found her so busy she did not see him until he said, "Good morning, Dame Nature."

She looked up and saw the golden band. Then she knew who it was. "Oh, it's you, is it?" said Dame Nature. "Good morning; what can I do for you?"

"You are to have all the flowers of field and wood and garden in blossom on the thirtieth of May."

The dame shook her head.

"I don't know about it; I've had bad luck with sunshine and showers this spring, and flowers can't be hurried, you know."

"Can't help that," said the eagle looking straight at the sun with his bright eye. "The G. A. R. want flowers for Decoration Day!"

“Why didn’t you say so at first?” said Dame Nature. “Decoration Day! yes, yes, certainly! Tell Uncle Sam I’ll work night and day and he shall have every flower I can raise.”

The eagle grinned but he only said, “I’ll tell him,” and flew back to the city of Washington.

Dame Nature hurried away thinking of the dead soldiers.

“I’ll keep my greenest grass, my brightest sunbeams and dewdrops for their graves; of course they shall have flowers, of course, of course.”

She sent word to the wild flowers in wood and field.

The raindrops took the message.

Here it is:

“Open your petals of purest white,  
Of yellow, of crimson or gray,  
Gather your sweetest and rarest perfumes  
For our Decoration Day.”

Then she sent sunbeams to the country gardens, dear old fashioned gardens, such as our grandmothers had filled with sweet-peas, and pinks and four-o’clocks, and marigolds, and morning glories and sunflowers and ever so many more. There they all were bravely trying to grow. Some were just above the

ground and some were just pushing out of their seeds.

This was their message:

“Make ready, each leaf and each tiny bud,  
Each blossom, blithesome and gay;  
Make ready your sweetest and rarest perfume,  
For our Decoration Day.”

Last of all Dame Nature went to a city florist.

“I want all your flowers for the thirtieth of May,”  
said she.

The flowers heard what she said.

“Some little girl’s going to have a birthday party,  
perhaps,” said a tall white lily.

“A grand wedding in a big church,” said the pink  
carnation.

“Most likely a great lady gives a reception,” said  
the red rose. “We always go to them.”

“Better than any wedding or party,” said the  
stately palm tree. “You are to decorate soldiers’  
graves.”

Decoration Day was bright and beautiful.

Dame Nature kept her word. She had worked so  
hard that meadow, garden and wood were ready with  
beautiful offerings.

The sun was just rising, when Dame Nature again  
saw the eagle. He was circling above her head.

"I'm glad you've come," she called. "Who's to gather my flowers?"

"Uncle Sam says no one is to touch them but the children. That's what I came to tell you," said the eagle.

When the boys and girls heard that, they threw up their hats and shouted, "Hurrah for Uncle Sam!"

All the morning busy little hands were at work gathering the flowers and tying them in bunches.

And when the G. A. R. came with bands of music, and flags and brass buttons and shoulder-straps and uniforms; it was hard to tell which were most pleased, children or flowers.

Dame Nature, who smiled upon them all day, is sure she saw the eagle sailing high and keeping watch with those keen eyes of his.

He must have been watching, for that night when Uncle Sam said, "Are you quite sure no grave was overlooked?" he answered, "Sure as can be, every soldier's grave in the land has a bunch of flowers upon it to-night."

"I'm glad of that," said Uncle Sam. "I could not rest if one was overlooked. Poor boys! poor boys! I shall never forget them."

And the eagle saw him draw his hand across his eyes as if something had gotten into them.

He was a wise bird and said nothing, but spread his wings and flew away to the top of the Washington monument, where he perched for the night.

And the flowers, lying softly in the dewy grass, kissed by the moonbeams, and sung to by the night-winds, whispered softly to each other:—

“I am proud and happy to be chosen for this place.”

Then they fell asleep.



# Cover Them Over With Flowers.

Miss M. H. HOWLSTON,



1. Cov-er them o-ver with flow'rs; The choic-est of na-ture's store
2. Honor the country they loved, ♪ Hon-or the col-ors that wave
3. Ev-er their mem'ry hold dear, ♪ Ev - er their prais - es sing.



Are not too choice for our sol-dier boys, Sleeping to wake no more.  
♪ Over the Union our sol - dier boys, Part-ed with life to save.  
♪ Ever the graves of our sol - dier boys, Deck with the blossoms of spring.



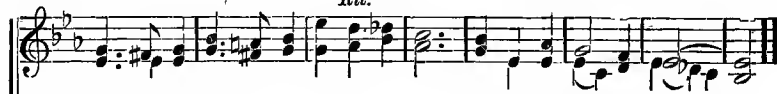
## CHORUS.



O-ver them car-ol of bird Flick-er of sunlight and shade;



*Rit.*



Peace to thee, soldier boys, Rest thou in peace; Ne'er shall thy laurels fade.





# Trips About the Farm

or, Life on the Farm

AN ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE READER

**I**T tells about how THE SOIL is made and destroyed; how the soil breathes and drinks, what makes it fertile and what keeps it productive. It also explains how PLANTS feed and grow and are distributed over the earth, and gives interesting information about leaves and seeds. The usefulness of GROVES and FORESTS, and the cultivation, characteristics and benefits of TREES receive a share of attention. Then we are told all about the periods of INSECT LIFE, how insects aid plant life, and about harmful insects. The lives of BIRDS, their usefulness, their beauty, and their habits are set forth, as well as a great many curious and valuable facts about the BACTERIA that the papers tell us so much about.

This bright volume is by PROF. HIRAM H. SHEPARD, of the Chicago Normal School. It is bound in neat cloth, contains 166 pages, and contains a large number of attractive illustrations. Price, 50 cents.

# Household Stories

FOR THE SMALLEST READERS

SOME OF THE DELIGHTFUL STORIES:

THE LITTLE RED HEN

THE THREE GOATS

LITTLE KING WHEN

THE THREE PIGS

THE THREE BEARS

THE TOWN MUSICIANS

THE WISE FAIRY

THE GOLDEN FLEECE

THE BATTLE OF THE BEASTS

THE STORY OF CHICKEN LITTLE

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE

THE COMING OF THE PRINCE

THE ANXIOUS LITTLE LEAF

THE CHIMERA AND PAGASUS

ORPHEUS, THE CHARMING SINGER

EUROPA; PHAETHON; PERSEUS, ETC.

FULL OF ILLUSTRATIONS THAT PLEASE CHILDREN

This charming volume is by ANNA KLINGENSMITH, the author of *Norse Gods and Heroes*. Cloth. 176 pages. Price, 35 cents.

# Wretched Flea or, THE LIFE OF A CHINESE BOY

**T**HE quaint custom in China of attempting to fool evil spirits is shown by the peculiar name of the boy whose life is so entertainingly written by MARY MULLER, the author of "*Little People of the Snow*." Many of the numerous illustrations are photographed from life.

HOW FLEA GOT HIS NAME

SOME OF FLEA'S GAMES

THE CHOOSING OF FLEA'S WIFE

STORIES FLEA'S MOTHER TOLD

FLEA GOES TO SCHOOL

FLEA'S TEA FARM

THE EMBASSADOR'S DINNER

FLEA TAKES THE DEGREES

ARE TITLES OF SOME OF THE CHAPTERS

Cloth. 160 pages. Numerous illustrations. Price, 35 cents.

## OTHER DESIRABLE BOOKS

### LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW

Being the Life of Koohna, an Eskimo Boy.

#### CONTENTS

|                                                   |                                        |
|---------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| The Sun in the Horizon.                           | The Northern Lights.                   |
| Mother Eskimo Makes Koohna a New Suit of Clothes. | Where the Eskimo Girl Has Her Pockets. |
| How Baby Eskimo Lives.                            | The Eskimo House.                      |
| How to Manage the Dog Sledge.                     | Games of Eskimo Boys and Girls.        |
| Little Koohna at Work.                            | Hunting the Musk Ox.                   |
| Spearing Fish.                                    | How Seals are Caught.                  |
| Voyage on the Ice.                                | The White Man's Igloo.                 |

#### *Eskimo Stories and Folk Lore.*

This is a charming little volume of 108 pages by MARY MULLER. It is bound in cloth, has illuminated covers, embossed with silver, and is fully illustrated. **Cloth 35c. Boards 25c.**

### THE LITTLE CLASSIC SERIES

OF SELECTIONS FROM THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE.

#### Points of Excellence.

1. A full page portrait of the author in each volume.
2. Biographical and other matter not found in other editions.
3. Better paper and a good, clear type. 32 pages in each issue.
4. Substantial and attractive covers.
5. The economical price of 5 cents per copy.

IN THE SERIES NOW ISSUED OR UNDER WAY ARE:

|                                                                    |                                               |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| The King of the Golden River.                                      | A Dog of Flanders, double number, 10c.        |
| The Great Stone Face.                                              | 64 pages.                                     |
| The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.                                       | The Nurnburg Stove, double number, price 10c. |
| Evangeline.                                                        | The Miraculous Pitcher.                       |
| Miles Standish, double number, 10 cents, 64 pages.                 | The Three Golden Apples.                      |
| The Deserted Village, and Gray's Elegy: Rip Van Winkle, etc., etc. | The Snow Image.                               |

**Single Numbers, 6 cts.      Per Dozen, 60 cts.**

### THE LITTLE JOURNEYS SERIES

A LIBRARY OF TRAVEL FOR CHILDREN.

This is a series of reading books issued monthly at a low price. It is designed to meet the constant demand of pupils and teachers for interesting and reliable information about OUR NEW POSSESSIONS, and about other countries little known. The readers take the trips along with the author. The books are handsomely illustrated, printed on good paper, in large clear type. They are admirable for supplementary reading, for brightening the work in Geography and History and for the home Library. THE TEACHERS' SUPPLEMENT contains hints for *Friday Afternoons Abroad* and other work.

**Prices:** Each number from 96 to 112 pages. Profusely Illustrated.  
**15 cents each; \$1.50 per doz.; \$10.00 per hundred.**

**A. FLANAGAN CO. PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO, ILL.**

SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME.

## CHILD'S CHRIST-TALES

By *ANDREA HCFER PROUDFOOT.*

"CHILD'S CHRIST-TALES" is the most Christian of all juvenile story-books. The stories of St. Anthony, St. Christopher, St. John and the Christ-Child, told in simple language for children, and yet attractive to the older ones, are here grouped together. Every mother and every teacher of little ones should have this book. It is a precious gift to any child and to child-lovers for Christmas, Easter and birthday. The stories will bear reading over and over.

The book is illustrated with thirty-eight of the choicest half-tone illustrations of the great masters, Raphael, Murillo, Leralle, etc. Each copy is in a box, making it more suitable for gift purposes.

Price, Cloth \$1.00.

"A beautiful behavior gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine Arts."—*Emerson.*

## PRACTICAL ETIQUETTE

Is the title of a little book which has had A SALE OF OVER 20,000 COPIES. It is designed to teach the "beautiful behavior" praised by Emerson, and is based upon Sir Bulwer-Lytton's statement that it is "better for one to possess manners than wealth, beauty or talent."

### FEATURES

An authority in all matters pertaining to social intercourse—Answers every question concerning good manners—Explains "good form" and shows how not to violate its rules—Makes known official etiquette, etiquette upon the street, etiquette in business, etiquette in traveling, etc.

PRICES: Neat cloth cover, embossed, 137 pages, 50c.

Holiday edition, gift top, rough edges, 8-mo, 75c.

## A MOTHER'S IDEALS IN THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

By *MRS. ANDREA HOFER PROUDFOOT.*

=====  
This is not a dogmatic book. It is not a book of iron-clad precepts. It is a boon from the heart to the heart. It is from a mother to other mothers. It deals with those broader duties and higher conceptions that give tact and wisdom guided by love. It is written to stimulate and encourage the mother in her aspirations for nobler living for herself and her child.

Cloth, 270 pages, \$1.00.

A. FLANAGAN CO. PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO, ILL.

NEW TEXTS  
IN  
**ENGLISH GRAMMAR**

---

---

I. NEW LESSONS IN ENGLISH. For Intermediate Grades. Cloth. Full page, half-tone illustrations. 211 pages. Price, 35 cts.

A thorough book, in simple language, based upon the inductive method. Its strong features are the omission of perplexing details, and a method of teaching the use of good English by such selected and suggestive work as arouse the pupil's imagination and give him an incentive to thought.

II. NEW ESSENTIALS OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND COMPOSITION. For Grammar Grades. Cloth. Full page, classic illustrations. 260 pages. Price, 50 cents.

An admirable text-book. It contains the essentials of English Grammar, concisely stated, together with the study of notable pictures and standard literature. This gives the pupil increased power, both in interpretation and expression; as the illustrations, found in this advanced grammar alone, brighten the book, quicken the pupil's powers, and, in connection with the selections, give him mastery over his mother tongue.

Sample copies sent postpaid on receipt of price. Sample pages free on application. Liberal terms of introduction and exchange.

---

---

SMITH'S GRAMMAR, ETYMOLOGY AND SYNTAX. By E. B. SMITH, University of Kansas. For Normal Schools, High Schools and Academies. Cloth. Price, 50 cents.

WALLBANK'S OUTLINES AND EXERCISES IN ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By NELLIE B. WALLBANK, formerly Instructor in Iowa State Normal School. Paper. 129 pages. Price, 25 cents.

---

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY, Publishers  
266-268 Wabash Avenue, Chicago







